

LATEST CRAZE IN COMPETITIONS (See inside).

PEARSON'S

— £2,000 —

Free Insurance.

WEEKLY

£100

IN

PRIZES

THIS

WEEK

No. 954.]

POSTAGE,
ONE PENNY.

REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION TO CANADA.

WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 29, 1908.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY]

HOLBROOK'S SAUCE

***Needs no Disguise
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"No Better Food."

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., etc.

Fry's

PURE CONCENTRATED

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"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."

—Sir CHAS. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.,
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between your finger and thumb and
notice how perfectly the Tobacco is packed in it.

The long strands of tobacco are perfectly compressed to admit of
perfect combustion; there are no loose bits of tobacco to irritate the
palate or the throat; and there is that full measure of leaf which gives full
value and full weight.

B.D.V. Cigarettes

**are the mildest of all
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They are perfectly pure and dustless, and their
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palling on the palate. Buy a tin to-day
and test their superb quality.

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for sample tin of 100, post
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Sold in Tins of 100.

GODFREY PHILLIPS & SONS,

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Catarrh and Blood-Spitting.

CURED AFTER TWENTY YEARS.



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Mrs. Joel Chapman, Maulden Road, Flitwick, near Ampthill, Beds, writes:—
"For over twenty years I suffered dreadfully from Bronchitis and Asthma, which was attended with Nasal Catarrh and Blood-spitting. Every attack I had seemed to get worse, and I could hardly breathe on account of the accumulation of phlegm in the nose and throat.
"I thought I should never be any better, as I am 56 years of age, but one day I tried Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and was relieved after one dose, and found great comfort. I could breathe freely and naturally through the nose, and the blood-spitting was at once stopped. The phlegm did not arise, and I got so much relief that I don't know how to thank you enough for what Veno's Lightning Cough Cure has done for me."

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for—
COUGHS & COLDS, BRONCHITIS, WEAK LUNGS,
9¹/₂ ASTHMA, NASAL CATARRH, CHILDREN'S COUGHS.
A BOTTLE.

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YOUR HUSBAND

may or may not be a Handsome Genius, but there is

No Reason

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The Handsome Genius as a Husband

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840 for 140/-; 852 for 142/-; 864 for 144/-; 876 for 146/-; 888 for 148/-; 900 for 150/-; 912 for 152/-; 924 for 154/-; 936 for 156/-; 948 for 158/-; 960 for 160/-; 972 for 162/-; 984 for 164/-; 996 for 166/-; 1008 for 168/-; 1020 for 170/-; 1032 for 172/-; 1044 for 174/-; 1056 for 176/-; 1068 for 178/-; 1080 for 180/-; 1092 for 182/-; 1104 for 184/-; 1116 for 186/-; 1128 for 188/-; 1140 for 190/-; 1152 for 192/-; 1164 for 194/-; 1176 for 196/-; 1188 for 198/-; 1200 for 200/-; 1212 for 202/-; 1224 for 204/-; 1236 for 206/-; 1248 for 208/-; 1260 for 210/-; 1272 for 212/-; 1284 for 214/-; 1296 for 216/-; 1308 for 218/-; 1320 for 220/-; 1332 for 222/-; 1344 for 224/-; 1356 for 226/-; 1368 for 228/-; 1380 for 230/-; 1392 for 232/-; 1404 for 234/-; 1416 for 236/-; 1428 for 238/-; 1440 for 240/-; 1452 for 242/-; 1464 for 244/-; 1476 for 246/-; 1488 for 248/-; 1500 for 250/-; 1512 for 252/-; 1524 for 254/-; 1536 for 256/-; 1548 for 258/-; 1560 for 260/-; 1572 for 262/-; 1584 for 264/-; 1596 for 266/-; 1608 for 268/-; 1620 for 270/-; 1632 for 272/-; 1644 for 274/-; 1656 for 276/-; 1668 for 278/-; 1680 for 280/-; 1692 for 282/-; 1704 for 284/-; 1716 for 286/-; 1728 for 288/-; 1740 for 290/-; 1752 for 292/-; 1764 for 294/-; 1776 for 296/-; 1788 for 298/-; 1800 for 300/-; 1812 for 302/-; 1824 for 304/-; 1836 for 306/-; 1848 for 308/-; 1860 for 310/-; 1872 for 312/-; 1884 for 314/-; 1896 for 316/-; 1908 for 318/-; 1920 for 320/-; 1932 for 322/-; 1944 for 324/-; 1956 for 326/-; 1968 for 328/-; 1980 for 330/-; 1992 for 332/-; 2004 for 334/-; 2016 for 336/-; 2028 for 338/-; 2040 for 340/-; 2052 for 342/-; 2064 for 344/-; 2076 for 346/-; 2088 for 348/-; 2100 for 350/-; 2112 for 352/-; 2124 for 354/-; 2136 for 356/-; 2148 for 358/-; 2160 for 360/-; 2172 for 362/-; 2184 for 364/-; 2196 for 366/-; 2208 for 368/-; 2220 for 370/-; 2232 for 372/-; 2244 for 374/-; 2256 for 376/-; 2268 for 378/-; 2280 for 380/-; 2292 for 382/-; 2304 for 384/-; 2316 for 386/-; 2328 for 388/-; 2340 for 390/-; 2352 for 392/-; 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3120 for 520/-; 3132 for 522/-; 3144 for 524/-; 3156 for 526/-; 3168 for 528/-; 3180 for 530/-; 3192 for 532/-; 3204 for 534/-; 3216 for 536/-; 3228 for 538/-; 3240 for 540/-; 3252 for 542/-; 3264 for 544/-; 3276 for 546/-; 3288 for 548/-; 3300 for 550/-; 3312 for 552/-; 3324 for 554/-; 3336 for 556/-; 3348 for 558/-; 3360 for 560/-; 3372 for 562/-; 3384 for 564/-; 3396 for 566/-; 3408 for 568/-; 3420 for 570/-; 3432 for 572/-; 3444 for 574/-; 3456 for 576/-; 3468 for 578/-; 3480 for 580/-; 3492 for 582/-; 3504 for 584/-; 3516 for 586/-; 3528 for 588/-; 3540 for 590/-; 3552 for 592/-; 3564 for 594/-; 3576 for 596/-; 3588 for 598/-; 3600 for 600/-; 3612 for 602/-; 3624 for 604/-; 3636 for 606/-; 3648 for 608/-; 3660 for 610/-; 3672 for 612/-; 3684 for 614/-; 3696 for 616/-; 3708 for 618/-; 3720 for 620/-; 3732 for 622/-; 3744 for 624/-; 3756 for 626/-; 3768 for 628/-; 3780 for 630/-; 3792 for 632/-; 3804 for 634/-; 3816 for 636/-; 3828 for 638/-; 3840 for 640/-; 3852 for 642/-; 3864 for 644/-; 3876 for 646/-; 3888 for 648/-; 3900 for 650/-; 3912 for 652/-; 3924 for 654/-; 3936 for 656/-; 3948 for 658/-; 3960 for 660/-; 3972 for 662/-; 3984 for 664/-; 3996 for 666/-; 4008 for 668/-; 4020 for 670/-; 4032 for 672/-; 4044 for 674/-; 4056 for 676/-; 4068 for 678/-; 4080 for 680/-; 4092 for 682/-; 4104 for 684/-; 4116 for 686/-; 4128 for 688/-; 4140 for 690/-; 4152 for 692/-; 4164 for 694/-; 4176 for 696/-; 4188 for 698/-; 4200 for 700/-; 4212 for 702/-; 4224 for 704/-; 4236 for 706/-; 4248 for 708/-; 4260 for 710/-; 4272 for 712/-; 4284 for 714/-; 4296 for 716/-; 4308 for 718/-; 4320 for 720/-; 4332 for 722/-; 4344 for 724/-; 4356 for 726/-; 4368 for 728/-; 4380 for 730/-; 4392 for 732/-; 4404 for 734/-; 4416 for 736/-; 4428 for 738/-; 4440 for 740/-; 4452 for 742/-; 4464 for 744/-; 4476 for 746/-; 4488 for 748/-; 4500 for 750/-; 4512 for 752/-; 4524 for 754/-; 4536 for 756/-; 4548 for 758/-; 4560 for 760/-; 4572 for 762/-; 4584 for 764/-; 4596 for 766/-; 4608 for 768/-; 4620 for 770/-; 4632 for 772/-; 4644 for 774/-; 4656 for 776/-; 4668 for 778/-; 4680 for 780/-; 4692 for 782/-; 4704 for 784/-; 4716 for 786/-; 4728 for 788/-; 4740 for 790/-; 4752 for 792/-; 4764 for 794/-; 4776 for 796/-; 4788 for 798/-; 4800 for 800/-; 4812 for 802/-; 4824 for 804/-; 4836 for 806/-; 4848 for 808/-; 4860 for 810/-; 4872 for 812/-; 4884 for 814/-; 4896 for 816/-; 4908 for 818/-; 4920 for 820/-; 4932 for 822/-; 4944 for 824/-; 4956 for 826/-; 4968 for 828/-; 4980 for 830/-; 4992 for 832/-; 5004 for 834/-; 5016 for 836/-; 5028 for 838/-; 5040 for 840/-; 5052 for 842/-; 5064 for 844/-; 5076 for 846/-; 5088 for 848/-; 5100 for 850/-; 5112 for 852/-; 5124 for 854/-; 5136 for 856/-; 5148 for 858/-; 5160 for 860/-; 5172 for 862/-; 5184 for 864/-; 5196 for 866/-; 5208 for 868/-; 5220 for 870/-; 5232 for 872/-; 5244 for 874/-; 5256 for 876/-; 5268 for 878/-; 5280 for 880/-; 5292 for 882/-; 5304 for 884/-; 5316 for 886/-; 5328 for 888/-; 5340 for 890/-; 5352 for 892/-; 5364 for 894/-; 5376 for 896/-; 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PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 954.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 29, 1908.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.

CHANGELETS.

£100 in Prizes this Week.

FIRST PRIZE £50.

FIFTY CONSOLATION PRIZES.

ALL ABOUT CHANGELETS.

In our new contest, Changelets, you are provided with a paragraph from which you must remove six of the words and substitute six others in the same places, and thus give the sentence a different meaning.

Here is an example which will make the matter perfectly clear to you. You might be given a sentence such as this:

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

By the removal of six words, and the substitution of six new ones, we get the following sentence. The new words are underlined:

"Scratched in a spot that hurts, we call a rose by any other name than that of sweet."

Below you will find a coupon containing a paragraph which must be treated in this manner. The paragraph is:

"Is this a dagger which I see before me, the handle toward my hand. Come, let me clutch thee."

Any alteration in a word whatever will be regarded as a change. For example: *Hand* changed into *Hands* becomes a new word.

Lightly cross out on the form below SIX WORDS—NO MORE, NO FEWER—and write in ink carefully and clearly above each crossed-out word the word you wish to substitute. Then fill in your name and address in the space provided.

RULES WITH WHICH COMPETITORS MUST COMPLY.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form below, or they will be disqualified. If more than one attempt is made, each must be written on a separate entry form.
2. Every coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for sixpence, made payable to C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., and crossed "& Co.," and the number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided. Where one Postal Order of a higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt, the number of this Postal Order must be written on each entry form.
3. The envelope containing the coupon or coupons must be addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and must be marked "CHANGELETS No. 2" in the top left-hand corner.
4. Attempts must arrive not later than first post Thursday, October 29th.

The adjudication of all attempts sent in will be carried out with the greatest possible care and consideration. £50 will be awarded to the sender of the paragraph which is considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration, and the remaining £50 will be divided into Consolation Prizes.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition, and telegrams will be ignored. The published decision is final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

The Editor's Notebook.

How to Please Everybody.

THE other day the London women who want votes got up a demonstration. They dislocated the traffic, they kept inoffensive policemen working eighteen hours a day without extra pay, they lost their own tempers, hairpins, and hats, and got arrested and, may be, sent to prison—in fact, they got everything except what they wanted. Bismarck once said:

"You are always safe in taxing the things that people want."

Now here, it seems to me, is a happy issue out of all this Votes for Women trouble. Why not give women the vote? Why not let them take out "the vote" once a year, as we men have to take out a dog tax and a gun licence—say, at five shillings a year? I put it this way, because it isn't every woman who wants to vote.

I believe there is a league of anti-woman-voters, just as there is an anti-cat league and an anti-everything else. If one woman out of a hundred is mad to vote, why not let her vote—if she pays for it? This seems to me a fine idea, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer should take note of it in framing his next Budget.

Women who Fought the Lords.

THE fight between women and Parliament is no new thing. Seventy years ago the House of Lords witnessed a fine duel under the Marquis—no, the Duchess—of Queensberry rules. Her Grace came to the door of the House of Lords one morning at nine with a besieging army, demanding admittance. Sir William Saunderson firmly, but politely, refused them permission to enter. Entreaty was equally futile; and when her Grace of Queensberry angrily swore "by —! they would come in," Sir William swore that they shouldn't. The door was barred and bolted, and for nine hours the Amazons assailed it with feet and fists. Then the ladies changed their tactics; for half an hour they remained as silent as so many mice, until the Lords, concluding that they had gone, ordered the door to be opened. In an instant the ladies poured in in an irresistible tide, installed themselves in the gallery, and gave the Lords a dreadful time until the House rose at an hour off midnight.

Keeping Molly Cool.

ONE of the best stories told of the famous Dublin Castle dances—and the dancing season is just commencing—is that of an old Irish knight who was present with his daughter. He was a brusque old veteran of the fights of forty years ago, and she was a pretty dark colleen, who sat beside her father demure enough, and pouting just a little. A gallant young lieutenant approached and politely asked permission of the General to dance with his daughter. He had noted the fact that although several dances had passed, yet the young lady had as yet danced not at all. The answer he received from the old man explained matters. "Faith," said he, "none of ye can dance with Molly yet awhile! I'm keeping her cool for the Lord-Lieutenant!"

The Way about London.

"SUPPOSE a man tried to find people in London by the names of the places. It would make a fine farce, illustrating our illogicality. Our hero, having once realised that Buckingham Street was named after the Buckingham family, would naturally walk into Buckingham Palace in search of the Duke of Buckingham. To his astonishment, he would meet somebody quite different. His simple lunar logic would lead him to suppose that if he wanted the Duke of Marlborough (which seems unlikely) he would find him at Marlborough House. He would find the Prince of Wales. When at last he understood that the Marlboroughs live at Blenheim, named after the great Marlborough's victory, he would no doubt go there. But he would again find himself in error if, acting upon the principle, he tried to find the Duke of Wellington, and told the cabman to drive to Waterloo. I wonder that no one has written a wild romance about the adventures of such an alien, seeking the great English aristocrats, and only guided by the names: looking for the Duke of Bedford in the town of that name, seeking for some trace of the Duke of Norfolk in Norfolk. He might sail for Wellington in New Zealand to find the ancient seat

CHANGELET COUPON No 2.						Postal Order No.....
is	this	a	dagger	which	I	see
before	me	the	handle	toward	my	
hand	Come	let	me	clutch	thee.	
undertake to abide by the conditions, and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.						
Signed						
Address.....						

At the foot of the following pages you will find a few quotations, and, underneath, the same sentence transformed after our "Changelets" method. It will give you a good idea of the sort of thing needed in our new "Changelets" contest. Now turn over.

THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK (continued).

of the Wellingtons. The last scene might show him trying to learn Welsh in order to converse with the Prince of Wales."—G. K. Chesterton in ALL THINGS CONSIDERED.

A Misfortune and a Calamity.

Two good stories have just been told in America of men who are prominently before the public over the forthcoming Presidential election. The one is about Senator Foraker, of Ohio, who has emphatic likes and dislikes, and who doesn't hesitate to express them openly. An illustration of this trait was brought forcefully to the attention of a page in the Senate last winter, when the youth appealed to the Senator for certain information. The boy was engaged in word study, and suggested: "Senator, if you please, I should like to be helped." "Certainly, my son," replied Mr. Foraker. "What is it?" "I should like to know," said the page, "what the difference is between the meaning of the words 'misfortune' and 'calamity.'" "Ah!" responded the Senator. "The difference? Certainly." Then he looked hard at the ceiling in mischievous preoccupation. Finally he looked down again, and with an amused smile said: "Son, have you ever heard of Mr. Hearst, of the New York Journal?"—probably Mr. Foraker's most aggressive political enemy. The boy nodded his head affirmatively. "Well," he continued, "I'll explain by employing him as an illustrative agency. Now, suppose Mr. Hearst was to fall into the Potomac River, that would be a misfortune, a dire misfortune; but if someone was to reach into the river and drag him out, that would be a calamity."

Couldn't Fool Him.

THE other story concerns Mr. William J. Bryan, one of the candidates for the Presidency. At a dinner recently he was joking about his repeated attempts to be elected President, although Mr. Bryan considers them no joke at that. "After a time," he said, "I shall be in the position of the man, somewhat worse for wear, who came in to a dance in Texas. The floor manager saw him and led him out. He came back. Then the floor manager pushed him out. He came back again. Finally, the floor manager kicked him out, and he rolled down a flight of stairs. At the bottom of the stairs he considered the matter. 'I know what it means,' he said. 'They can't fool me. Those people in there do not want me to attend that dance.'" Of course, the point of the joke is that Mr. Bryan has twice already been defeated at the polls in his efforts to become President. There may be luck in odd numbers. On the other hand, the electors may not want him.

Cutting the Kisses.

SIR WILLIAM GILBERT's peculiar humour was not confined by any means to the Savoy librettos, writes Mr. C. Herbert Workman in the THRONES AND COUNTRY. It happened that in a trio, "A man that would woo a fair maid," in *The Yeoman of the Guard*, I used to make a point of kissing Elsie Maynard and Phoebe on the alternate notes of the "shake." During the rehearsal for last season's revival of the opera, Sir William came to me and said: "I am afraid, Workman, you have rather too much kissing there for London. A Savoy audience is rather prudish in these matters, you know." I said: "Then you would cut the last kisses?" "I should not," he replied, "but I must ask you to."

Too Many G's.

THERE were four well-known members of the Society of Friends, who, after an enjoyable four-some over one of the famous East Coast links, were thirsty. One of them—a famous mental specialist—offered to go to the nearest house of refreshment and bring out four glasses of gingerbeer. The doctor has a slight stutter. On returning to his friends, they each took long draughts. "That's a bit heady," remarked the first, a North-country headmaster. "There's a good deal of alcohol in it," said the second. "I never enjoyed a glass of gingerbeer so much in my life," was the comment of the third, whose books on temperance have made him world-famous. The doctor could not finish his glass. He returned to the inn, and asked for his account. "Isn't that rather a lot for g-g-gingerbeers?" he said. "Oh! did you say gingerbeer, sir? I thought you said gin and gingerbeer."

Wessex Stories.

IN "Islands of the Vale," newly published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., Miss Eleanor S. Hayden introduces her readers to a region of Wessex where humour, even of the rudest character, played little part in the life of the people. Existence was too serious to fashion it, too slow to grasp its significance. What humour is found is of that unconscious sort which presents itself only to the observer, and is hid from the chief actors of the scene. Much of it turns on the use of words ill understood, as was the case with Thomas, "who rubbed 'emigration' on his chest to avert an attack of 'purity.'" Sometimes it

comes from a failure to appreciate directions given:

I remember an unfortunate infant whose mother happened to overhear the doctor remark that a preparation of aloes would relieve the child. On his next visit he was surprised to find the little creature seriously ill, and asked what the woman had given it. "Oh," she answered, "I heard you say as aloes 'ud do her good, so I went out an' picked some from the hedges. She didn't want to take 'um, but I pushed 'um down her throat with a cedar pencil."

There is a strange tolerance in the face of the misfortunes of life among Miss Hayden's men and women:

Crossing a field one day, an old woman was knocked down by a ram. The owner of the animal, hearing of its rude behaviour, called to apologise and to ask whether she were much hurt. "Oh, no, sir, thank 'ee," she replied, "he fought I fair; he didn't kick I when I was down."

"Oh! I Won't Do It Again!"

THE story of Lady Hall's first efforts on the violin is an interesting one. Her family had been musicians for generations, and her father was an organist and the principal teacher of music in Brunns. In the days of her childhood the piano was considered to be the only fit and proper instrument for a girl, but she could not be persuaded to take any interest in it, while the violin which her brother played greatly attracted her. It was a pretty, rose-coloured little fiddle, and the child took it into her head to play it when the others were out of the way. This went on for some time, until one day her father came in suddenly, and, hearing, as he thought, his son playing, remarked: "My boy certainly makes great progress." Judge of his astonishment when he discovered that the player was really his daughter, who had never had a lesson in her life! The little girl was so terribly frightened that she burst into tears and cried: "Oh, I won't do it again!" But she did do it again, and the result we all know.

How a Death Sentence was Carried Out.

PRINCE URUSOV writes in his "Memoirs of a Russian Governor" of an acquaintance, one Von Rohren, a very kindly man, who liked to tell sometimes of his presence of mind and his police ability as demonstrated on one occasion at his former post. He was once called upon to be present at the execution of a Jewish criminal. The condemned man hung the required number of minutes, and was taken down from the gallows, when the physician was supposed to confirm his death. But it appeared that they had forgotten to cut off the Jew's long, thick beard, thanks to which, although the noose had deprived the man of consciousness, it had not killed him. "Imagine yourself in my position," said Rohren; "the doctor told me the Jew would come back to life in five minutes. What was I to do? To hang him a second time I held to be impossible, and yet I had to execute the death sentence." "But what did you do, then?" I asked, and received the memorable answer: "I had him buried quickly before he regained consciousness."

The Cook, the Mop, and his Lordship.

A CERTAIN peer, an important figure in the Upper Chamber by reason of a very long and very bushy beard, had dismissed his valet for the night. Shortly afterwards, however, he was much annoyed to hear peals of laughter from below, and called back the man to explain. The valet answered that it was just a little joke, but his lordship would have none of it, and demanded the details angrily. "Well," admitted the man, with reluctance, "it was really a little game we were having, my lord." "What game?" "Well, my lord, a kind of guessing game." "Don't be a fool, Walters! I rang for you in order to get an explanation. What guessing game were you playing? Guessing what?" "We blindfolded the cook, to tell you the truth, my lord, and then one of us kissed her, and she had to guess who it was. The footman held the mop, up, and she kissed it, and then cried out, 'Oh, your lordship; how dare you?'"

Red Tape.

AT a dinner in New York during his disastrous American visit, Henri Farman, of flying machine fame, complained of the American customs regulations. "With their affidavits, declarations, examinations, and what not," said Mr. Farman, "there is too much red tape about your customs. A man gets lost in all this red tape, as they say a foreigner was once lost in the red tape of the British post-office. This foreigner stood, one luckless evening, before the newspaper box in the London post-office. The box has a huge mouth. Newspapers are thrust into it in bales. As the inquisitive foreigner bent over it a bale of newspapers struck his shoulder, and with a dull thud he fell into the box. His friends ran round to the counters to rescue him. The clerks, however, paid no attention to their demands. The foreigner was in the mail box. Accordingly they would treat him as mail matter. And the clerks gravely stamped him on the stomach and threw him in a compartment along with the provincial newspapers. The un-

fortunate man's friends went to the chief. The chief listened calmly to their tale. Then he said, 'Was your friend addressed?' 'No,' they replied. 'Very well,' said the chief; 'the matter is simple. He will remain for six months in a pigeon-hole. At the end of that time, if no one applies for him, he will be burnt as a dead letter.'

Saved.

A BRIGHTON school—one of the best of them—was undergoing inspection, and the top class was being examined in mathematics. It was a good school and a good class, but the subject was one to which they had not taken kindly. The teacher knew it, and knew that the longer the examination lasted the worse things would look. Now it happens that the Brighton schools are all tested with fire drills. The teacher, jealous of the school's repute, recognised that it was a case of neck or nothing. She—for it takes a woman to think of these things at the right moment—slipped out unostentatiously and rang the school fire-bell. Two minutes later the whole school, disciplined by frequent practice, had filed out, and mathematics and its perils were at an end.

A Limerick.

IN the visitors' book of a Swiss hotel there are the following lines:

Some dashing young tourists, I see,
Wear trousers which end at the knee.
'Twere better by half
Just to cover the calf—
At least, where the calf ought to be!

A Le Queux Story.

THE well-known novelist, Mr. William Le Queux, can tell a story as excellently as he can write one. One of his anecdotes is of the way the London GLOBE nearly published an erroneous report of the death of Queen Victoria. As sub-editor of that paper, he came in from luncheon one day, and found on the Exchange Telegraph Company's "tape" the words: "Her Majesty died at 11 a.m. to-day." Instantly the whole establishment was thrown into that state of lightning-like, yet methodical, energy incidental to such emergencies. The paper was put into mourning, the news-bills got into readiness, the big types set up, the tidings were on the point of being launched into the world; only—why was there no confirmation? And at the last possible moment of preventing so terrible a blunder it was found that a careless office-boy had torn from the tape the first four words of the message. In its entirety it ran: "John Frayling, coachman to Her Majesty, died at 11 a.m. to-day."

She had Never been in the Theatre.

THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE tells the best "first night" story that has ever been told: She came by herself, and took a seat outside the theatre with the ardent first-nighters, who watched the hours pass as they told of past triumphs won after hours of waiting. She could not help hearing their anecdotes, and she smiled when one spoke of a man who swallowed the half-sovereign he was holding in his mouth to pay for admission to the pantomime for his wife and children; and another of a girl who waited all day with two friends, one of whom fainted half an hour before the doors opened, and had to be taken home by her sister, while when the survivor went to pay, she remembered she had given her purse to her friend to keep in her pocket. After a while she was drawn into their circle, and listened with interest while they talked. They asked her for her experiences. Did she prefer Lewis Waller to George Alexander, and did she think Martin Harvey was a sweet thing, and what did she think of George Bernard Shaw? She blushingly admitted her ignorance of all those gentlemen. Her questioners looked surprised. What did she think of "H.B.'s" Hamlet, and did she like Zena Dare better than Edna May, and had she seen Seymour Hick's baby? She looked bewildered, and gently asked for an explanation; but when she had no opinion of Marion Terry and Lena Ashwell, one asked rather abruptly why she was there. "You see," she explained sadly, "I've never been to a theatre, but my sister and the servant don't come back till Tuesday evening, and I saw in the paper people would be here all night, so I came for company. I can't bear being alone in the flat."

Plain Sailing.

BISHOP POTTER, who died the other day, had once in his early days occasion to officiate at a christening in a small fishing village on the Massachusetts coast. The proud father was a young fisherman. When the time for the baptism of the babe arrived, the Bishop noticed that the father was holding the child so that its fat little legs pointed toward the font. "Turn her this way," he whispered, but the father was too disconcerted to hear or understand. "Turn her feet around," the Bishop whispered again, but still there was no response. The situation was fast becoming critical, when an ancient mariner in the back of the church came to the rescue. Putting his weather-beaten hand to his mouth, he roared across the room: "Head her up to the wind, Jack!"

Quotation: Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.
Changelet: Be kind, dear girls, and let the men be voters.



Startling Crimes

and Notorious Criminals.

Related by DICK DONOVAN.

We have pleasure in presenting the first of an additional series of studies in crime by Dick Donovan, who ranks among the greatest criminologists of the day. The former vivid descriptions of famous crimes from the pen of this writer which appeared in our columns excited considerable interest among our readers, and the thrilling narratives he now submits in these additional chapters of startling crimes we believe will prove equally popular.]

I.—THE NORTH LONDON RAILWAY TRAGEDY.

RAILWAY tragedies figure prominently in the annals of crime, not only in this country, but wherever there are railways.

Probably the reason for this is that the criminal, if he be not too great a bungler, has a better chance of escaping the penalty of his deed, or, at any rate, he thinks he has.

Unhappily the evidence of fact tends to confirm that in proportion there are more railway crimes undetected than any other class. Even in quite recent times there have been some ghastly tragedies on British lines which have passed into the category of "unsolved mysteries," while on the Continent a still larger number has defied solution, though some of the greatest expert skill of the world has been brought to bear upon them.

The case here dealt with was only brought home to the criminal by the merest chance. The absence of one or two details would have baulked Justice of her due. Fortunately, those details were forthcoming at the right moment, though, even after the law had satisfied a jury, there were numbers of silly people who thought they knew infinitely better than those who sat in judgment, and there went up a clamour for the culprit's worthless life.

From the very first the case bristled with difficulties. A long time had passed since the police had been called upon to tackle such a complicated puzzle, and from the initial stage it was felt that unless the circumstantial evidence could be made complete in the minutest detail no conviction could ensue.

It was not known until late on a Saturday night that a crime had been committed, and the discovery came about in this way:

A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

Two young bank clerks, named respectively Jones and Verney, who were in the employ of a bank in Lombard Street, entered a first-class compartment at Hackney Station, on the North London Railway, to proceed to Highbury, where they lived. The train had come from Fenchurch Street, and drew up at Hackney at a quarter past ten.

The date was July 9th, 1864.

In sitting down next the window, Mr. Jones put his hand on the cushion, and was surprised to find that the cushion was wet, and still more surprised, indeed startled, when he noticed that his hand was red with blood. The cushion seemed to be soaked with blood, and with an exclamation of horror he drew his companion's attention to it.

Then Jones thrust his head out of the window and called the guard as the train was beginning to move. The train was stopped instantly, the young men alighted, and the guard and station-master examined the carriage.

The cushion was saturated with blood, and there were pools in the indentations where the buttons were.

Under the seat there were found a hat, a walking stick, and a black bag. These were ominous signs of grim tragedy—tragedy done during the short journey from Fenchurch Street, the terminus, to Hackney, a run of a few minutes only.

The station-master at once had the carriage disconnected, locked up, and sent on to Chalk Farm, and later on it was subjected to a minute examination by a Dr. Breardon, on behalf of the railway company. This gentleman found that not only was the cushion of the seat very much blood-stained, but there were the unmistakable evidence of a blood-stained hand having been wiped upon it; the impress of a palm, and long streaks made by human fingers as they were dragged along the yielding cushion.

Blood was also on the door of the carriage step, while a solitary link of a gold chain was found in one of the indentations of the cushion. There were also signs of a struggle having taken place; the victim had evidently fought for his life with desperate energy.

The details given above proved conclusively that murder had been committed, and the question now

was, where was the body, and where was the murderer?

The first question was soon answered. The same evening, about eleven o'clock, an engine-driver was ordered to take a number of empty carriages from Hackney Wick to Bow, where they were required for the following morning. Midway between the two stations is a canal bridge, and on that

canal bridge, in what is known as the six-foot way, the driver noticed a man lying, his feet being in the direction of London.

At first the driver thought it was some drunken fellow who had wandered on to the line and gone to sleep. Anyway, he stopped his engine, as it was his duty to do, communicated with the guard, and the two on investigation found that the body was that of a man still living but unconscious.

A constable, who happened to be near the bridge, was summoned, and as speedily as possible the insensible man was carried to a public-house known as the Mitford Castle, situated at Bow. It was then seen that the unfortunate person was terribly injured, and a doctor was instantly summoned.

EXPIRED WITHOUT A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

He found an extensive fracture of the skull, while the front part of the head was cut and hacked as if by a knife or dagger. The left ear was almost severed. There were other wounds that suggested they had been produced by a blunt instrument, probably a life-preserver.

The case was a desperate one, and the doctor considered it hopeless from the first.

In the pockets of the injured man's clothing there were found four sovereigns in gold, some keys, ten and sixpence in silver and coppers, a silver snuff-box, and several letters and papers.

On one of his fingers he wore a valuable diamond ring, while his vest was fastened with a peculiar gold link. His letters and cards showed that he was a Mr. Thomas Briggs, of Roberts' Bank, situated in Lombard Street.

A messenger was dispatched post haste to the bank to find out Mr. Briggs' private address, which proved to be at 5 Clapton Square, near Hackney Church. The news was at once conveyed to the family, and Mr. Briggs, Junr., together with the family doctor, proceeded immediately to the tavern at Bow, and remained with the victim, who never recovered consciousness, until the morning, when a litter was procured, and the dying man conveyed to his home. There, in spite of everything that science and medical skill could suggest, he expired at midnight, without being able to recognise those about him, or give a word of explanation.

SUNDAY HANDICAPS POLICE.

That he was the victim of a brutal assault no one could doubt, and the police lost no time in taking steps to solve the mystery; but the murderer had got a good start, and the police were somewhat handicapped by the fact of its being Sunday.

Mr. Briggs was a lusty, powerful man, weighing fully twelve stone, and standing about five feet nine in height. He was between sixty-eight and sixty-nine years of age. For a long time he had been head cashier in Roberts' Bank, where he was a trusted and honoured servant.

It was ascertained that on the fatal Saturday night he had been to Peckham to dine with a favourite niece. He left her house a little before nine, and got a 'bus from the Old Kent Road for Fenchurch Street. He then had on his person a valuable gold watch and chain and a seal.

The ticket-collector at Fenchurch Street, who knew him, gave him good night, and saw him enter the train due out at 9.50.

At Bow Station he was seen by a Mr. Lee who also knew him. After that he was not seen by any other

acquaintance, until he was found lying in the six-foot way of the canal bridge, where he must have been lying for at least half an hour, and he must have been attacked during the passage of the train between Bow and Hackney.

From the very first the police felt that they were confronted with a difficult case, and unless the murderer was unusually stupid he might escape altogether.

As soon as possible on Monday, pawnbrokers and jewellers throughout the metropolis were notified that a watch, chain, and seal were missing, and might be offered in pawn or for sale. This brought forward a Mr. John Death, trading as a jeweller at 55 Cheapside, who stated that on Monday, July 11th, a young foreign-looking man entered his shop and expressed a desire to exchange a gold chain for one he had seen in the window.

The jeweller put the chain offered into the scales, and valued it at £3 10s. The value of the chain which the man wanted was £3 5s., so he took that and a small ring to make up the five shillings.

The foreign young man seemed rather pleased with his exchange, and went on his way with the chain and ring packed in a cardboard box stamped with Death's name. There was nothing in his manner calculated to arouse the suspicions of the shopkeeper, and nothing unusual in his desire to exchange one chain for another. People often did that.

The jeweller's information was valuable, but it did not afford any direct clue to the murderer then, so the Government offered a reward of £100 for his capture, and to this sum the railway company added a hundred, and Roberts the bankers, another hundred.

In the notices offering this reward, the hat which had been found in the railway carriage was minutely described, and it chanced that on the following Monday, a cabman named Matthews, happened to read one of these police notices, which was posted up near the Great Western Hotel, Paddington, and he was struck by the statement that the hat bore the name of the maker, "Walker, Crawford Street, Marylebone."

"DEATH, CHEAPSIDE!"

The cabman at once hurried to his home, and found that a jeweller's cardboard box, bearing the name of "Death, Cheapside," had been given to his little daughter some days previously, by a man he and his wife were well acquainted with, and whom they knew as Franz Müller.

This Müller was a typical German, about twenty-four years of age, blue-eyed, square-jawed, fair-haired. He was somewhat undersized, but immensely strong. His trade was that of a tailor.

Some months before the murder Matthews was wearing a hat which took the fancy of Müller, who expressed a great desire to have one like it. Whereupon the cabman promised to get him one, and in return for it Müller was to make the cabman a vest. The hat was bought at Walker's, Marylebone, and duly presented to the German tailor, who expressed himself delighted with it. That identical hat was the one which was found in the railway carriage in which Mr. Briggs had been done to death.

In itself that would not have been a very strong link of evidence, but in addition there was the jeweller's cardboard box, with the name of Death on it.

Matthews gave the information he possessed to the police at Paddington, handed them the box, and also a sheet of notepaper, on which Müller had written his name and address, as follows: "Franz Müller, care of Mrs. Blythe, 16 Park Terrace, Old Ford Road."

The police immediately made inquiries at 16 Park Terrace, and Mrs. Blythe, the landlady, referred to her lodger, Müller, as an exceedingly nice young man, "most quiet and inoffensive." He rented a back room on the first floor, and took his meals with Mrs. Blythe and her husband. His habits were very regular, and every morning he went out at 7.30 to his tailoring, as he was employed by an alien tailor in the East End.

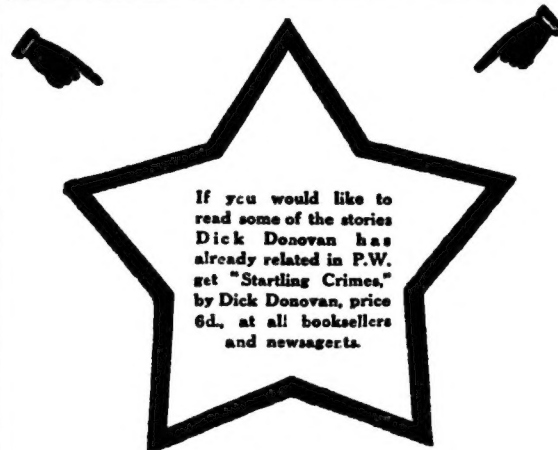
MÜLLER WAS MERRY.

On Saturday, July 9th, she remembered his going out as usual, but he did not return at his accustomed time, nor had he returned at midnight, when the landlady retired. As he was in possession of a latch-key, however, she did not concern herself, thinking he might have gone to a theatre or music-hall, as he occasionally did on a Saturday night.

On the Sunday morning he presented himself at the breakfast table, and the landlady noticed nothing unusual about him. He made a very good meal, and referred to a subject which he had had on his mind for weeks—that of the probability of his going to America. It seemed to be the dream of his life to journey to America, as he believed he could make a fortune there.

In the evening he and the Blythes went to Victoria Park and strolled about until it was dusk, and Müller was both merry and entertaining.

On Monday evening, on his return from his employment—if he had been to his employment—the landlady's attention was attracted to a new, or apparently new, gold watch-chain he was wearing. In reply to some remark she made about it, he explained that it had been presented to him by his sweetheart. He



Quotation: The way was long, the wind was cold; the minstrel was infirm and old.
Changelet: The fish was stale, the soup quite cold; the waiter was shabby and old.

again spoke of America, and said that, as his sweetheart had lent him some money, he intended to sail for New York as soon as possible, and in accordance with this decision he bought a ticket at the London Docks on Thursday, July 13th, paying £4 for it, and on Friday he sailed in the *Victoria* with several other German emigrants.

He took an affectionate farewell of the Blythes, who congratulated him on his good fortune and expressed a hope that he would realise his desires in America. After he left London he wrote the following note to the Blythes, and sent it ashore by a boatman at Worthing to be posted.

It was dated "*Victoria*, off Worthing. DEAR FRIENDS,—I am glad to confess I cannot have a better chance than I have. If the sun shines nice and the wind blows fair, as it is at the present moment, everything will go well. I cannot write any more, only I have no postage. You will be so kind to take the letter in.—Your true friend, FRANZ MÜLLER."

As soon as the police had got together these items of information they could no longer doubt that Franz Müller was the assassin, and a greater bungler or more stupid assassin it would have been difficult to conceive. Had he not left his hat in the train, had he not flaunted the new gold watch-chain in the presence of the Blythes, and had he not given the cardboard jewel-box bearing Death's name to the little daughter of Matthews, the cabman, he might have gone undetected.

As it was, he managed to slip out of the country, though it was not due to any cleverness on his part, and those who are superstitious enough to attach importance to omens will be interested in noting the following facts: Müller got the gold chain from a man bearing the ominous name of Death, he bought his ticket for America on the 13th, and he sailed on a Friday.

The *Victoria* was a sailing ship, so that the authorities were sanguine of overtaking him, although the Atlantic cable had not yet come into existence, and preparations for the chase were immediately made.

TRAPPED AT LAST.

Two well-known detectives of the day, Sergeant Clark and Inspector Tanner, were instructed to proceed immediately to Liverpool and embark on board the steamer *City of Manchester*, which had the reputation of being a fast boat. They were to take with them for purposes of identification Matthews, the cabman, and Death, the jeweller.

Of course, the crime and the details which leaked out with regard to Müller were topics of absorbing interest to the public, and every scrap of information was eagerly read. When it was made known that the fugitive was on the high seas and had got a long start, the general opinion outside of official circles was that he had effectually eluded justice. But those who argued thus did not know. As a matter of fact, the *City of Manchester* reached New York several days before the *Victoria* was even signalled.

The English detectives were joined by a shrewd American police officer named Tiemann, and they all waited as patiently as they could for news of the *Victoria*. They knew that, if she had not gone to the bottom of the ocean and taken the murderer with her, she would appear sooner or later, and, sure enough, one morning the signal came, and the party from England, accompanied by Tiemann, proceeded out in a tug and boarded the sailing ship. It was stated that Müller was almost paralysed with amazement when he saw that he was trapped. Clark took him by the arm and arrested him, while the American officer explained the charge—for that he did on a certain date kill and rob one Mr. Thomas Briggs on the North London Railway.

(To be concluded next week.)

"I HEARD that Ranter broke down in the middle of his speech the other night," said the man who was kept at home by illness.

"Not exactly," replied the man who was there. "The meeting broke up right in the middle of his speech!"

MASTER: "Describe the route you would have to follow to get to the Martinique Islands."

Pupil: "I first proceed to Southampton—"

"Well, and then?"

"Then I go on board a steamer; and leave the rest to the captain, who knows the way much better than I do!"

CRUSHING.

A CERTAIN famous lawyer is noted for his trenchant wit.

At the beginning of his career he had an elderly, prosy, long-winded lawyer for an opponent in an assault case.

The elderly lawyer in his concluding address spoke for six hours—an interminable, foggy, stupid speech.

Then the younger man rose. He smiled slightly, looked at the judge and jury, and said:

"Your Honour, I will follow the example of my learned friend who has just concluded, and submit the case without argument!"

TRAMPS' QUEER MONEY-BOXES.

A TRAMP applying for permission to enter the casual ward of a workhouse must not be in possession of money, or he renders himself liable to be prosecuted.

None know this better than the casuals themselves, and many and varied are the dodges resorted to by them to avoid detection when, as sometimes happens, they are driven by stress of circumstance to infringe this very salutary rule.

This was made plain at Maidenhead the other day, when a tramp, charged with sleeping in the open, pleaded that he had been refused admission to the local workhouse because he would not give up possession of a bruised apple.

The magistrate called upon the master for an explanation, and was informed by that official that it was a common practice for casuals to bring in with them apples in which money was secreted. The rule, therefore, was that they must either eat the fruit in the presence of an officer or deliver it up.

Notwithstanding all precautions, however, the officials are frequently hoodwinked. Thus a little old woman tramp, who had been in and out casual wards all over England for years, was found on her death to be in possession of no fewer than eleven sovereigns. Four or five years previously she had covered them with cloth and sewn them on a jacket to imitate buttons, and not one of the hundreds of workhouse officials through whose hands the garment had passed had noticed the difference.

A one-legged male casual used his hollow wooden limb as a money-box for years without detection, while another man, a cobbler, confessed to having fitted artificial soles to his boots for a similar purpose.

"WHY did you get drunk?" asked the magistrate. "Oh, only for a lark!" replied the prisoner airily. "Indeed!" replied the magistrate. "We have cages for larks. You can have the use of one for fourteen days!"

"MAMMA," said little John, "I just made a bet." "You naughty boy, Johnny! What made you do it?" she asked.

"I bet Billy Roberts my cap against two buttons that you'd give a penny to me to buy some apples with. You don't want me to lose my cap, do you?" He got the penny.

HOW FENCES FLEECE CROOKS.

AMONGST the many amazing stories narrated by John Frederick Spencer, the Leicester master burglar and ex-Sunday School teacher, none is more remarkable than that which concerns the disposal of the property he stole.

He alleges that for jewellery worth thousands of pounds he received from the London "fence" with whom he dealt no more than a beggarly £80. Two rings valued at over £1,000 apiece fetched together £35, and other costly gems in proportion.

Extraordinary though this sounds, there is nothing inherently improbable in it. The average receiver is in his dealings with his "clients," the thieves, an altogether unconscionable rogue. He has got the "pull," and they have to be content with practically anything he chooses to give them.

It is not long since it transpired, in connection with a great robbery of art treasures from a Park Lane mansion, that certain jewelled miniature portraits and gold and diamond-encrusted snuff-boxes were paid for at the rate of a sovereign apiece, and that, too, by instalments spread over several weeks.

In the case of the late Lord Anglesey's jewels, valued at over £30,000, which were stolen from a hotel in Piccadilly in September, 1901, the actual thief, a Swiss valet named Julian Gault, was paid by the receivers no more than £30.

The notorious "Harry the Valet," who in January, 1899, robbed the Duchess of Sutherland of gems worth £25,000, received for them the comparatively large sum of £1,000 in cash on the nail, with the promise of £1,000 more to follow. But then he was a regular professional "crook," knowing several receivers, and so in a "job" of such magnitude as this he was able to play off the one against the other, thereby securing better terms.

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Ferdinand the Firebrand

Amazing Career of Ambitious Prince.

PERHAPS now that he styles himself the Tsar of an independent Bulgaria, Ferdinand I. may be induced to give the European Foreign Offices a well-earned rest. It has been said of him that he would plunge Europe into war without a scruple if by so doing he could extend his frontier by a single mile; and hitherto his visits to the various capitals of Europe have been for the purpose of drumming into Imperial, Royal, and ministerial ears the importance of Bulgarian expansion.

He has travelled about so much as to bring himself into the category of "absentee" kings. Once when the Bulgarian Parliament were preparing an address to Ferdinand the Opposition refused to take part in the debate, and announced that they would present an address of their own. This they did, and in the address they asked the Prince if he would please try to spend at least thirty consecutive days annually in the land he governed.

It is said that he broke his first wife's heart by having his eldest son received into the Greek Church. She was a devout Roman Catholic, and had expected that all their children would be educated in her Faith. For the same reason he had an unfortunate quarrel with the Pope, and he had some difficulty in getting his second marriage performed in the Roman Catholic Church.

NOT A LADY-KILLER.

It was a long time before he was able to marry again, for the simple reason that nobody would have him. He sought the hand of numerous ladies of royal and imperial birth, but, owing to an amazing antipathy which he is said to arouse in the fair sex, he sought in vain, until at last he persuaded a princess of the petty principality of Reuss to share his throne.

When he met King Edward at Marienbad, he had the temerity to sound him as to whether there was any possibility of his suit being favoured by Princess Victoria. The King explained vaguely that his daughter did not intend to marry at present.

An odd story is told in connection with the constant petty bickering that has been going on between the Sultan of Turkey and Ferdinand.

When Ferdinand was in England, King Edward decorated him with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. The Sultan was highly indignant at the honour. He promptly caused a story to be circulated that King Edward had affronted the Prince by calling attention to the dirty personal habits of the Bulgarians.

Ferdinand has four charming children, two boys and two girls. Last season they attended a fancy dress ball dressed respectively as King Edward and Queen Alexandra and the King and Queen of Spain.

HOSPITALS BUILT WITH BOOKS.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA in deciding to devote to the cause of charity the proceeds of the sale of the book she is about to publish is only following in the footsteps of many other authors and authoresses, royal and otherwise.

Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, has practically built one hospital by the sale of her stories, and has largely benefited several others.

Canon Fleming handed over the whole of the money he received for the copyright of certain sermons to the British Hospital for Incurables and the Gordon Boys' Home.

Miss Charlotte Yonge built a school at Pett, near Winchester, out of the proceeds of "*The Heir of Redclyffe*"; while the profits from another of her books, "*The Daisy Chain*," sufficed to found and partially endow St. Barnabas College, Norfolk Island, for the Melanesian Mission.

The immense Northfield Schools and Colleges for the training of missionaries and preachers were erected out of the profits derived from the sale of Moody and Sankey's "*Sacred Songs and Solos*." Miss Ada Ellen Bayly ("*Edna Lyall*") built St. Peter's Church, Eastbourne, with part of the money she received for "*Donovan*" and "*We Two*." She also presented a fine peal of bells to the neighbouring church of St. Saviour, and christened them after the heroes of her books—"Eric," "Hugo," and "Donovan."

As a writer for charities, however, Count Tolstoy comes out an easy first. The profits from almost his first complete book, "*What Must We Do Then?*" were devoted to relieving the poverty of the dwellers in the Moscow slums, and since then he has consistently refused to benefit in any way whatsoever by the sale of his numerous works, preferring to devote the whole of the proceeds to philanthropic purposes.

Quotation: When poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out of the window.
Changelet: When waves come in at the door, passengers lean out of their bunks.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.



THE TREATY

Telling of a Strange Incident
in Diplomatic Circles.

By SINGLETON POUND.

CARDIGAN glanced in his sleepy way at the other men sitting round the table after dinner.

"The baffling thing about the treaty," he said, "is that any one of us might have stolen it as far as a chance to do so was concerned. It is this superabundance of potential culprits which makes it so difficult to fix suspicion on any individual. I might, you see, gentlemen, be the thief myself—and I might not."

One or two of the men round the table laughed, but it was rather uneasily. Most people did not know exactly how to take Cardigan. He looked younger than his five and thirty years, and he had a soft voice.

But those who displeased him—especially if they happened to be his inferiors—had a way of shrinking from him. His lips were very thin, and it was never easy to decide off-hand whether he was smiling or sneering.

"You're not too flattering, Cardigan," Maitland retorted. He was seated on the opposite side of the table, a frown on his ugly, "bull-doggy" face. "For my part, I don't profess to be talented enough to annex a secret treaty, and I certainly think we might find a pleasanter subject of conversation."

He was not looking at Cardigan, but at his host, Sir Marcus Pennard, who was obviously disturbed. His fine, aristocratic features were pale and wore an uneasy, troubled expression, and the hand with which he raised his glass shook so far that some drops of wine were spilled on the table.

The stolen treaty was the subject of paramount interest at Pennard Towers, though Cardigan was the only one who chose to talk about it openly. The other men were more inclined to merely think and eye each other askance. Despite themselves, they were all compelled to share the idea which he had stated so bluntly: Any one of them might have stolen it!

Sir Marcus Pennard was an ex-diplomatist, who had served in nearly all the European capitals, and now that he had retired from active service, was understood to be a person whom the magnates of the Foreign Office were pleased to consult in times of crisis. It was quite an ordinary event for an ambassador to pay him a visit before departing to take up a new post. He had an only daughter, Maud, and the Towers was one of the most beautiful places in Hertfordshire.

He was entertaining a large house-party. Among those staying in the house were Cardigan and Maitland, the first in the Foreign Office and the second an attaché home on leave from Vienna.

But the guest of honour was the ambassador, about whom had floated the halo of the secret treaty.

The Foreign Office had authorised him to bring the treaty and lay it before Sir Marcus. It was a treaty which the British Government had been negotiating with a particular Power. Its terms had been so carefully concealed that not even the keenest of newspaper men had gleaned a genuine hint touching them.

The Press at large, in fact, had doubted if the treaty existed at all. But the guests at the Towers knew it did. And some of them knew, in addition, that another Power was so anxious to get hold of the treaty that its rulers would be willing to pay almost any price for it.

Perhaps Lord Chilmount, the ambassador, had not been so discreet as he might have been. He had been proud to think that he had in his dispatch box a document on which, perhaps, hung the chance of a first-class war, and he had not been able to resist the temptation of mentioning the fact.

And in the night, while he was sleeping, the dispatch box had been wrenched open by an unknown thief and the treaty stolen.

By whom? That was the mystery. The thief had been very silent and had left no trace behind him.

No wonder that Sir Marcus was upset. It was not pleasant for him to think that such a thing had happened in his house! All his guests were sorry for him—almost as sorry as they were for the ambassador.

The men did not care to sit long over their wine. There was an uncomfortable restraint on all of them, except Cardigan. When they joined the ladies Cardigan would have gone up to Maud Pennard, but she did not give him an opportunity.

She was very pretty, and usually she was light-hearted and gay enough; but the shadow which had fallen on the house was on her also. Yet there was a dawning happiness in her eyes as she moved into the lonely, softly-lit conservatory. A delicate pink stole into her cheeks as she heard a man's step behind her. She bit her lip involuntarily as she turned and saw Cardigan.

"I want to speak with you," he said. "Why do you avoid me? Maud, Maud! You surely know what I wish to say to you! I love you—I love you as I thought once I could never love a human creature!"

She would have stopped him with a swift gesture, but he would not heed her.

There was a strange excitement on him—the excitement of a man who knew more than he chose to tell.

"Listen, Maud," he repeated. "I love you. If you will be my wife I swear I will make you happy. You must listen to me!"

"Must!"

She drew herself up proudly. His face had changed; there was passion in it, unconcealed now, and there was a

hint of a subtle threat in his eyes. Despite herself she was afraid of him. She would have shrunk from him, but he put his hand on her shoulder. He did not know it, but he hurt her, and she gave a low cry.

"Yes; must!" he said in a low, vibrating tone. "I tell you I cannot live without you. I will not! If you understood—"

He was thrown aside so roughly that he staggered and nearly fell. When he recovered himself Maitland was by Maud's side, and she was clinging to him. His ugly face was very angry.

"I think it is you who do not understand, Mr. Cardigan," he said. "Miss Pennard and I are engaged."

What a fool he had been! It was not often that Maurice Cardigan made such a confession even to himself; but he made it that night as he sat in his own room.

"I should have been more careful," he muttered. "I should have remembered that girls like to be pleaded with and flattered. Well, I've made the game a bit harder for myself, but I'll win it yet, I'm bound to win it."

There was a cruel smile on his thin lips.

The man was a strange mixture. He was unscrupulous, hard of heart, selfish. Yet he really loved Maud Pennard; he had loved her for a long time. It had maddened him when she had plainly shown that she cared nothing for him—that she was afraid of and disliked him. He had not dared to tell her before that he loved her, because he had dreaded what her answer might be. But he had told himself that he would be willing to go to any lengths to make her his wife.

And then the treaty had been stolen.

And then he had proposed to her. He had felt so sure that she would not refuse, that she dared not refuse, that he had not taken the trouble to choose the right words. He had forgotten that she did not know what he knew. After all, however, it did not matter much. When the facts were explained to her she would give him a different answer. He was certain of that, so certain that he never troubled to take Maitland into account.

It was very late; the house was silent. Cardigan thought that he was the only person in it who was not asleep. But, looking idly out, he saw a light in another window in the opposite wing. It gleamed from the window which Sir Marcus Pennard used as his study.

"So!" said Cardigan under his breath. His eyes glittered. "Shall I pay him a visit? It would be as well. The sooner we come to an understanding the better, and the dead of night is an excellent time when one wishes to avoid eavesdroppers or interfering fools!" He stopped and added: "But wait a minute, I had better take this in case the old man is dangerous."

He slipped something into his pocket; then he stole from his own room.

The door of the study was unlocked, and he pushed it open without a sound. At a desk strewn with papers, over which a shaded lamp cast a subdued glow, sat Sir Marcus. His old face was haggard and bloodless. He held a paper, which he was about to tear into shreds, in his trembling fingers.

Cardigan made a spring and a snatch. In another second the stolen treaty was in his hand.

The old man staggered to his feet. He would have made a spring in his turn, but Cardigan waved him back.

"Be quiet, or I'll rouse the house and let everyone know that you're a thief!" he whispered savagely.

Sir Marcus sank back into his chair. His expression was ghastly; he was shaking violently.

"What brought you here?" he questioned. "How did you know?"

Outwardly, Cardigan was very cool; inwardly, an inferno of triumph and excitement was raging. He could hardly have explained in words how he had known.

It had been mostly guesswork. He had learned by chance that Sir Marcus had suffered heavy financial losses—losses which the world at large knew nothing of. And he had watched him after the treaty had been stolen—watched him and thought, and put things together. It had flashed on him that Sir Marcus was the man in the house who could best and most profitably dispose of the treaty. And the few drops of spilled wine had told him a great deal.

"I was mad!" Sir Marcus muttered hoarsely. "I did not know clearly what I was doing. I was threatened with ruin, and—" He raised his head, and there was truth in his eyes when he said: "But I was sorry as soon as it was done. I found I could not be a traitor to my country after all. I would have put the accursed treaty back, but I had no chance of doing so. You'll—you'll help me, Cardigan?"

"For Maud's sake."

Sir Marcus did not catch the words.

"For Maud's sake," repeated Cardigan. He spoke very softly and distinctly. "On the day she promises to be my wife I will swear never to let the world know the truth. It depends on you whether she becomes my wife; you can make her consent with a word."

For a minute the old man did not understand. Then the truth dawned on him: Cardigan was asking him to sell his daughter to save himself. And Cardigan was a villain. A black, selfish soul was looking out of his cold eyes and was reflected on his pitiless face. He would make the girl wretched, and she was promised to another who would make her happy.

Sir Marcus idolised his daughter and she loved him. She would do anything, make any sacrifice, to save him. He knew that—he had only to ask her.

"But I'll not do it, by Heaven!" he said. His bloodless face contracted savagely, his eyes were dangerous. He leaped at Cardigan's throat. The revolver which the other man had brought with him flashed out. They staggered across the floor, struggling for the weapon; there was a sharp crack.

Cardigan dropped.

An accidental twist had turned his own weapon against himself.

Sir Marcus reeled sick and dizzy. He felt lost, as if an abyss had suddenly opened at his feet.

The doorway was blocked by a crowd of people who had been aroused by the shot.

Maitland was there, with some of the guests and the servants behind him. But Maud was standing foremost, whiter than her white dress, terror in her eyes.

"Father! What has happened?"

The old man was dumb.

It was Cardigan who answered. His hand was pressed to his side when he dragged himself on to his knees; his eyes were glazing, but he was looking at Maud. He had loved her in his own way; he loved her still though he knew that he had lost her.

"It means I'm a thief!" he said, his voice rattling. "I wanted money and I stole the treaty. I came here to-night to rob Sir Marcus. There was a struggle—and—and I'm done."

Those who heard him stood aghast. Sir Marcus made an effort to speak, to deny. But Cardigan's eyes were on him, and he was sure that the last motion of Cardigan's hand was an attempt to point to Maud. The unuttered words died on the old man's lips.

Cardigan died with that lie on his soul. He had played a bold game, but in his last minutes the better part of him had flared up. He had saved Maud's happiness in saving her father's honour. Those who heard him believed him.

It was only Cardigan in his grave who knew the truth.

"See that you don't get hurt, Sam. It's dangerous working here in the quarry."

"Oh, nothing can happen to me, Joe! I've borrowed ten shillings from the foreman, and since then he doesn't let me do any dangerous work!"

MAY (being shown some of Mrs. Smith's treasures): "And do you prize this funny piece of lead?"

Mrs. Smith: "Bless you, child, I prize that 'ere piece o' lead above all my earthly possessions. That's the bullet which killed my pore husband!"

RAMBLING WAGGLES: "I was robbed last night, and I reckon that about fifty-three articles were stolen from me. Everything I had in the world."

Policeman: "Fifty-three articles?"

Rambling Waggle: "Yes; a pack of cards and a corkscrew!"

WHEN SHOULD EDUCATION BEGIN?

[Foreign critics of our educational system assert that our children are put to regular lessons far too young. This is a subject of great interest to all parents.]

By "FRANK DANBY" (Mrs. Frankau.)

(Best known to the public as the author of such brilliant novels as "Pigs in Clover" and "The Heart of a Child," Mrs. Frankau is a devoted worker among poor children, and some years ago advocated in "P.W." that State feeding of children which has since come to pass.)

It is difficult to take a definite standpoint in the conflict of opinion between authorities as to the age when children should first acquire the elements of a literary education, for the material with which we have to deal is various, and this variety of material renders it essential that the treatment should be elastic.

Personally, I feel very strongly that it is impossible to overwork a well-fed child, and that the majority of arguments we are accustomed to meet in contravention of this thesis is sentimental argument with but a slender basis of fact. Even more strongly would I urge that it is impossible to start teaching a child too early if that child is well cared for materially.

The board schools admit the children at five years old, and advisedly. Not perhaps because these children are capable of taking full advantage of the lessons that are offered them, but because they are thus early in life placed to a certain extent under the protection of a recognised authority.

From five to seven the under-fed, ill-cared-for, badly-clad school board children may acquire but a rudimentary knowledge of writing, reading, and arithmetic. But even this rudimentary knowledge has its value; they are learning how to learn, they are being taught how to sit still, to sing in unison, to use their eyes and ears, and the value of association.

In the nurseries of the well-to-do, however, a different order of things obtains.

The child of four years old, having no bodily ailment or discomfort to engage its attention, is absolutely capable of being taught simple arithmetical rules, the elements of reading, and writing. Not only is it capable of acquiring these subjects, but in able tutorial hands it enjoys its lessons as much as its play, and the occupation of certain half-hours in book-work increases the enjoyment of the free playtime.

It is almost impossible to over-estimate the amount of instruction that can be given to a child before it attains the age of seven years, and, personally again, I am very strongly of the opinion that any parent who leaves these valuable three years from four to seven without a preliminary grounding in the three R's is very seriously neglecting an obvious duty.

Quotation: What are the wild waves saying, sister, the whole day long?
Changelet: What are the dear girls saying, sister?—They want the vote!

Picked Pars.

Relic of the Armada.

A QUIANT iron safe, the treasure chest of the Spanish Armada ship *Rato*, which was wrecked off Donegal, is being exhibited at Manchester. For years it has been in the possession of a local family, who refused to part with it.

World's Greatest Fly-Trap.

Sixty-six barrels of Chicago flies of the common house order, were shipped to London recently. They were sold to English poultrymen for chicken food at 16s. a barrel. They were mostly caught at the grand Central Market, which boasts of being the greatest fly-trap in the world.

"Lot No. 1."

The little town of Beresoska, in the province of Elizabethgrad, Russia, is to be sold by auction. The municipality owes £1,300 to a merchant of Odessa, who, after fruitless efforts to obtain his money, has decided that the town must come under the hammer.

Criminals' Congress.

In Chicago there is to be held at an early date, the police department permitting, a convention of criminals. The gathering has been called by the "King of Tramps," who is said to have spent the last twenty years in rescue work. The debates will include such topics as "Do the police give the criminal a fair deal?" and "The average income of the criminal."

Triple Event.

The other day at Prague a man named Baum was married on the same day his father and mother celebrated their silver wedding and his grandparents celebrated their golden wedding.

Letters for Uncle Sam.

In the first week of the penny post to the United States 80,000 letters, or 80,000 more than in the previous week, were posted through London.

No "Knock-Outs" There.

Japanese auctions are conducted on a plan which gives rise to none of the noise and confusion which attend such sales in Britain. Each bidder writes his name and bid upon a slip of paper which he places in a box. When the bidding is over, the box is opened by the auctioneer, and the goods declared the property of the highest bidder.

'Cute' Ponies.

A rather curious habit has been developed by Mexican ponies in connection with the cactus thorns. When thirsty, before attempting to put their mouths to the prickly plant, they will first of all stand and kick at the cactus with their heels. By this means the thorns are broken and the leathery skin bruised. The ponies can then drink their fill of the cool juice without injury.

A Few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

Latest in Dutch Stamps.

For delivery in the same town in which they are posted, a new stamp and a new postcard have just been issued by the Dutch Government. Over 100,000 of the stamps were sold in one day.

Threepenny Cows!

"What are threepenny cows?" said Judge Smyly at Bow County Court the other day while reading the invoices of what he described as a "hand to mouth" general business. "They are tins of condensed milk," was the reply.

Not the Ark, but a Hospital.

According to the annual report of Our Dumb Friends' League's animal hospital in Pimlico, 10,957 patients were treated during the past year. Among these were a snake, parrots, a lamb, a dove, a tortoise, a mongoose, a partridge, three monkeys, a marmoset, and a lemur.

Fresh Air For Trees.

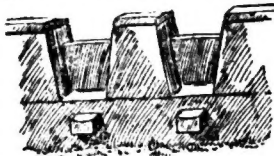
An inventor in Algeria has devised and patented an air tube for supplying air to tree roots. The tube is made of pottery, and is almost indestructible. Placed in the ground beside a tree, with the top slightly above the surface to admit the air, the young roots find their way through a number of holes. Experiments have proved that the growth of vegetation has been greatly advanced by its use.

Picture Pars.

See Footline.

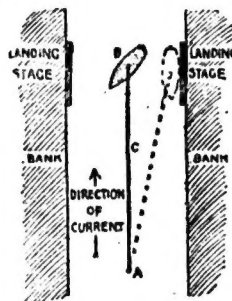
DOUBLE STILES.

THE double stile shown in the illustration suggests that the pathway across which it lies is much used by pedestrians. As a matter of fact, stiles of this nature indicate that the footway leads to a cemetery, for the isolated central pillar is so built that the coffin bearers may rest their sad burden upon it while climbing over.



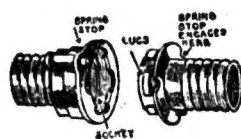
OLD-FASHIONED BUT EFFICIENT.

PEOPLE who have seen the old ferryboat at Hampton Load, on the Severn, may have wondered how it crosses the stream without possessing any apparent motive power, and in the teeth of a strong current, too. The explanation is contained in the accompanying illustration. The line C is a thin, but very strong, steel cable which is fastened to an anchor in the bed of the stream at the point marked A. As the river runs fast, a turn of the rudder when the boat is pushed off from the landing-stage soon brings the vessel into position B, with its bow pointing up the stream at an angle of nearly 45 degrees. The force of the current pressing at such an angle on the side of the boat, together with the pull of the cable, serves to swing the ferry slowly but surely across to the other landing stage. In order to return, the ferryman has simply to reverse his helm.



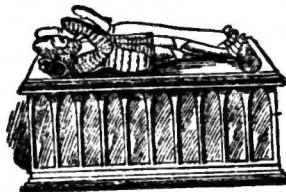
COUPLING UP THE FIRE HOSE.

WHEN watching a fire, people must often wonder how the firemen manage to couple up such immense lengths of hose-pipes in such record time. This is easily explained. The hose-pipe is out in handy lengths. On the ends of these are couplings, such as are shown in the illustration, which fit into each other. When these are pushed together a very slight turn in either direction fixes them securely, as the lug on the one coupling fits into the socket in the other. A spring stop next jumps up and keeps them in position until uncoupling is desired.



TOMBSTONE HERALDRY.

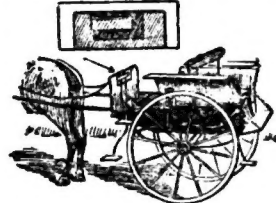
MANY readers must have noticed recumbent statues of ancient knights whose twisted appearance seems both quaint and curious, but how many are aware that these peculiar attitudes denote perhaps stirring scenes in the lives of those whom the sculpture commemorates. For example, when the hands are clasped in prayer it indicates that the knight died peacefully in bed, while if he is shown grasping his sword it is inferred that he was slain in battle.



If the old knight had been a Crusader the fact is told by crossing the legs. If they are crossed below the knee he took part in one Crusade; if crossed at the knee then he had fought twice in the Holy Land, and if above the knee then he had fought against the Saracens in no fewer than three campaigns.

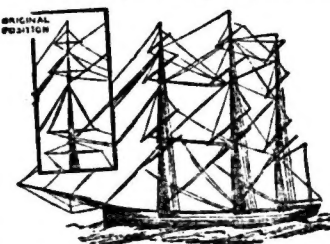
HOLDS THE REINS TIGHT.

THOSE who have much to do with horses know that it is dangerous to leave the reins hanging loose when the horse and trap are left standing alone. Sometimes reins in this case are tied round one of the lamp-brackets, or fastened to the back of the seat. Our illustration shows a much better method. It is a neat little device, which holds the reins securely and prevents the horse, if restive, from jerking them on to the street. All that the driver needs to do when he leaves the trap is to slip the reins into the catch, which, as indicated by the arrow, is fitted out of public view behind the splash-board.



TIPPING THE YARDS.

FLYING flags half-mast high is the sailor's most popular method of indicating mourning on board ship; but seamen, notably on sailing vessels, have another curious old custom by which they make known the presence of death. Should the captain die on his ship it is customary to tip or slope the yards as a sign of mourning for the deceased. The original position of the yards is, of course, horizontal, as in the smaller picture, whereas, when tipped, they slant in the downward direction.



Personal Pars.

Queen Alexandra, Photographer.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA, whose book of photographs taken by herself will shortly be published, has for many years been an adept with the camera. She has taken many hundreds of pictures, and on one occasion at least her hobby had a very practical and useful result. Her Majesty one day took a snapshot of a train as it passed over Wolferton railway-bridge, and on the negative being developed, she noticed that there was a strange curve in the bridge. Queen Alexandra then took another picture of the bridge when another train was passing over it, and again the curve was reproduced. Her Majesty consulted the King on the matter and he caused an examination to be made, with the result that the bridge was found to be in an unsafe condition. But for the Queen's timely discovery, there might have been a very serious disaster.

When Milner was Roused.

LORD MILNER is said to possess such an even temper that it is almost impossible to ruffle it, and thereby hangs a tale. Many years ago he worked under Mr. W. T. Stead, on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and one day young Milner addressed a meeting in the East End of London, when an insulting remark made by one of the audience roused him. Urged on by his natural indignation, he made an exceptionally brilliant speech. On hearing of the incident later, Mr. Stead remarked: "Well, Milner, I wish to goodness I knew how to insult you every day before you start to work."

Lord Brassey as Yacht Builder.

LORD BRASSEY, who, at the advanced age of seventy-two, has begun to learn German, is one of the most famous yachtsmen of the day. Indeed, he has stated that he was born with a fondness for the water. When he was a child he lived at Rouen for some time in a house looking on to the river. "I used to get hold of anything I could, barrels or

boxes, or what not," he has said, "and set them up on the lawn to represent the bulwarks of a ship, and any sticks or poles I came across would go to form my idea of the various rigs. I used to be hugely delighted with my make-believe vessels." Since those early days, Lord Brassey has owned many real boats, the most famous, of course, being the *Sunbeam*.

Prince and Paper Bag.

PRINCE FERDINAND, who now styles himself Tsar of Bulgaria, rules over a turbulent and not easily-governed people, and it is not without a certain fear that he goes about among his subjects. Continual watchfulness has made him extremely nervous, and even when he is not in his own dominions it does not take much to upset him. Some time ago he was out driving in Carlsbad, and appeared to be deeply buried in thought. As his carriage was turning a corner, a street-boy picked up a paper bag that was lying in the road, blew it up with his mouth, and exploded it with a loud report, after the manner of boys all the world over. In an instant the Prince started to his feet, gave a terrified glance around, sprang from the carriage, and made off rapidly in the direction of his hotel.

"Tea, if We're Spared."

THE MARQUIS OF BUTE, who is very popular in Scotland on account of his philanthropy, tells an amusing story concerning a poor Scotch widow and her family whom he used sometimes to visit. This woman was so extremely poor that very often she and her children lived almost solely on oatmeal porridge throughout the week. Occasionally, on Sabbath mornings, however, the little ones were allowed a cup of weak tea each as a special treat. One Saturday evening Lord Bute visited the widow for the purpose of giving her some pecuniary assistance, and during his stay one of the little girls came into the room and went up to her mother. "Mither, mither," she asked, "will we hae

A Few Facts About Well-known People.

tea for breakfast to-morrow morning?" "Yes, dearie," replied her mother, somewhat sadly, "if we're spared." "An' if we're no' spared," inquired the child anxiously, "will we just hae parritch?"

Mr. Crawford's Facile Pen.

MR. F. MARION CRAWFORD, the popular novelist, has the reputation of being one of the quickest literary workers of the day. The book that made his name, "Mr. Isaacs," was begun and finished in the remarkably short space of time of thirty-five days. Very often Mr. Crawford has turned out as many as three books a year, and, considering that the quality of his writings is always of the highest, he may well lay claim to the title of a record worker. Probably the novelist's remarkable readiness with his pen is due to the fact that in his younger days he learnt the art of literary hustling in the newspaper offices of New York.

Reconciled Through a Play.

MR. MARTIN HARVEY, who has been appearing so successfully at the Adelphi Theatre, received a remarkable letter from an unknown lady the other day which is a stunning object-lesson for those who underrate the moral value of the drama. "I visited the Adelphi last Tuesday," wrote this lady, "and was just taking my seat when I spied my husband, whom I had not seen for many years, sitting in another part of the theatre; our eyes instinctively met from time to time during the performance. It was well on towards the end of the performance when the lines came: 'We men must think first of women; think of them very tenderly, very gently. They are weaker than we, you know.' At this moment mine and my husband's eyes met with a look that they had not contained for four long years." To make a long story short, the lady and her husband were reconciled to each other in the vestibule of the theatre after the play, and a complete reconciliation was effected.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.



His Bid for Freedom

An Amusing Tale of a Faint-Hearted Lover.

By CLIFFORD GREY.

"Wor I want to know is," said Mr. Wilson emphatically, "wot's his intentions? Answer me that: wot are they?"

He gazed round with the air of one propounding what he believes to be a well-nigh unanswerable conundrum, and, receiving no reply, continued:

"'E's been 'ere time after time, and 'e's always been treated sociable and hospitable. Lil and him have stuck themselves in front of the fire for hours at a stretch, but I've never murmured. 'E's been asked to stay supper, till I know his face, through sitting opposite, as well as I know my own whiskers. Stay supper! 'E don't want much askin'. It's to be hoped his principles are as good as his appetite! Now, I say, it's time we came to an understanding. No more 'umbug'!"

Having concluded his speech, Mr. Wilson aggressively straightened his necktie, spread out his legs a little more, and again glanced antagonistically around.

"Oh go on, George," said his wife, who for a wonder had allowed him to finish his remarks without interruption. "You make mountains out of molehills. You don't want to jump down his throat, do you? He hasn't been here all that much, and any way I'm sure he's a nice straightforward feller."

"Very well," said Mr. Wilson ill-temperedly, "if you two like to be made fools of, you can. All I can say is I'm sorry my daughter ain't a bit more independent. If I was a girl—if I was a girl," he repeated impressively, "I'd think twice afore I was took in."

"I'm sure Horace is the soul of honour," said his daughter, warmly. "He's shy, I'll admit, but he's truth itself."

Mr. Wilson looked sceptical, but his wife exclaimed: "Yes, that's it, he's a bit shy. And you can't deny," she went on, turning to her doubting spouse, "that he's in a decent position. Grogson and Scott's is the best shop in the town. Two pound a week he has and a commission on last season's stock. How much was it he made last week, Lilly? Six or seven shillings, I know. All he wants is a bit of encouragement; he'll speak out quick enough if he gets the opportunity."

Mr. Wilson picked up his newspaper. "All right," he said, as one closing a tedious discussion, "if opportunity's all he wants, he shall precious soon have it. As to encouragement—that's Lil's business. If she can't manage it; I can't help her. Wait till next time he comes; I'll see he has an opportunity."

The subject of these remarks was a Mr. Horace Braithwaite.

It will be gathered that this eligible young man was an assistant at the drapery establishment of Messrs Grogson and Scott, from whom he was the recipient of the more or less adequate remuneration of two pounds a week. He had been paying marked attention to the fair Lilly for some time, but as yet had spoken no direct word. However, being heartily sick of living in apartments, and his stipend being such as to seem, to his modest views, to justify the step, he had now quite made up his mind to immolate himself upon the altar of Hymen.

To be brief, he was prepared to take advantage of the opportunity which Mr. Wilson had determined to offer him.

On Sunday, therefore, he paid his customary visit with his courage screwed to the sticking point. He would put the question if he died in the attempt.

After tea the pair soon had the parlour to themselves. Indeed, Mr. Wilson's action in forcibly hauling one of the younger members of the family, who had persisted in staying, out of the room by the scruff of the neck, seemed somewhat pointed. But it left the pair together. Whether the lover thought the incident unusual or not, cannot be said.

At any rate, whatever he might have thought, he was mute upon the point, and, as the result of some conversation of a stereotyped description, Mr. Braithwaite, to his own and everyone else's satisfaction, put the pertinent question. His answer was not "No."

Mr. Wilson gave his blessing in sincere but ungrammatical language, while his amiable spouse, after shedding a few tears and making some few recapitulatory remarks, in which she gave a brief sketch of her own love romance, and also expressed regret at the lamentable deterioration of men in general, and her own husband in particular, kissed the accepted suitor and hailed him as her prospective son-in-law.

For some time Mr. Braithwaite lived up to his rôle of the devoted lover. He called at the Wilsons' three or four times a week, and, as a matter of course, spent Sunday in the society of his beloved. The pair talked the usual nonsense in the approved style, and Miss Lilly took the chaff of her brothers and sisters with giggling complacency.

Now it was unfortunate for the course of true love and for Mr. Braithwaite's peace of mind that his landlady's niece should have chosen this of all times to pay a visit to her aunt, with whom Horace temporarily resided.

Miss Rig, which was the lady's name, was a prepossessing young lady of that type which weedy youths refer to with awed admiration as "a fine girl." She was smarter—being partial to tight-fitting, tailor-made costumes and weird hats set at rakish angles on hair of strange architecture—than Miss Wilson; though, albeit,

she was not so neat. Still the fact remains, Mr. Braithwaite, whose discrimination was not of the nicest, was completely bowled over by her charms; the more so as he subsequently gleaned, from conversation with his loquacious landlady, that her parents were "in a good position."

To an average middle-class person this expression may mean anything. It impressed Horace, who began to think more and more of the aforementioned Miss Rig, and, as a

natural consequence, less of Miss Lilly. The latter's artless references to the future together, and her shy, half-jocular allusions to the "happy day," somehow seemed to lack the charm he had previously noticed. He could not help comparing the one with the other, and Miss Wilson suffered by comparison.

He once ventured to hint gently, during an evening walk, that he felt himself unworthy of so great a gift as her affection, and that perhaps she would tire of being bound to such an undeserving object as himself. In answer to these suggestions she called him a "silly boy," and tenderly repeated her confidence and vows.

This artifice having failed, he began to think hard for some means of escape, and it was in accordance with his thoughts in this direction that he went to take counsel with his particular friend, Mr. Frank Withers.

Mr. Withers, a young man of much promise, of great enterprise but little industry, received the fickle Horace in his accustomed cheerful manner.

"Hallo, stranger," he cried, "what's the matter with you? Gone down again?"

Mr. Braithwaite intimated that his trouble was even more serious than that incurred by the racing calamity to which Mr. Withers referred. He expounded, and his listener was touchingly sympathetic.

"Jolly awkward," he commented, when the other had finished. "What are you going to do?"

"That's just what I've come to you about," returned the other. "I want you to think of something."

Mr. Withers pondered. "Why don't you neglect her?" he said at length.

"Freeze her off gradually, so to speak; she'd see it after a bit."

Mr. Braithwaite shook his head despondently.

"No," he said, "that won't do. She'll take a frightful lot of freezing, and besides, to tell you the truth, I'm a bit afraid of the old man."

The other nodded, then suggested brightly:

"Couldn't you tell her, like the chaps in books, that you've examined your feelings and find you love another? That ought to do it."

"No fear," said Horace quickly, "it 'ud mean an action for breach of promise before you could say 'knife.' Try again."

"Then tell her you can't afford to keep her in the style she's used to. That'll work it all right," said the oracle in a tone that challenged contradiction.

Still Mr. Braithwaite was unsatisfied.

"She isn't used to any style," he remarked sadly, "at least not that I've noticed; and another thing, I've told 'em what I earn and what I've got in the Post Office Savings Bank. Bless your life they think I'm the catch of the season."

The melancholy Horace confessed to these indiscretions with a deep sigh. The expression of regret was echoed by the sympathetic Frank, and for some moments the pair smoked in silence; then Mr. Withers said:

"Well, I don't see any way out of it. The only places where you'd be absolutely safe are America and prison."

Mr. Braithwaite gave an exclamation.

"By Jove," he cried, nearly jumping out of his chair, "you've hit it. I'll get arrested! That would do it!"

Mr. Withers grinned.

"I should think it would do it; it 'ud do anything! What are you going to try, window smashing?"

"I don't mean anything, really," snapped the other.

"Look here, will you help me?"

"It depends," said his cautious companion, "what do you want?"

"Why," exclaimed the inspired Horace, "I want you to pretend you're a detective, and arrest me in their house. Of course, Lilly'll be so shocked, she'll give me up at once. Afterwards, I can say it was a mistake, and be indignant with her for doubting me. See? In any case I shall be out of it. What do you say to it?"

Mr. Withers looked bewildered.

"What is it?" he asked open-eyed. "Just go over it again, will you?"

He listened intently while his vis-à-vis repeated the formula; finally he said:

"It 'ud be all right if it came off; but I'm not going to run that risk for nothing."

"How much d'you want?" asked the originator.

"Well, suppose we say five quid," suggested Mr. Withers.

"What?" cried Mr. Braithwaite, appearing to be overcome with amazement, "five quid for playing a joke! What a disposition you must have! If I'd have known I'd have gone to a Jew; I should have been better treated there. Five quid—what a nerve!"

"Well then, say four," said Mr. Withers, unmoved by the other's sarcasm.

"And call yourself a friend," ejaculated Horace with fine scorn. "See here, Shylock Number Two, I'll give you thirty bob; not a penny more, if I have to marry the girl and her mother as well."

After some more haggling, during which Mr. Braithwaite several times lost his temper, the mercenary Mr. Withers agreed to perform his part in the conspiracy for the sum of two pounds paid in advance.

Mr. Braithwaite handed over the money, and the time for the attempt was fixed for the following night, as being as good as any other. So, amidst mutual promises and instructions, and after a brief rehearsal, the engaging couple parted.

Mr. Braithwaite read "Sherlock Holmes" for several hours before retiring, and in consequence dreamt about that celebrated character all night. In imagination he had an exciting struggle with a scoundrel who bore a remarkable resemblance to Mr. Wilson, and, on falling out of bed, woke up and found he had arrested the bolster.

The scheme haunted him all day. To customers he appeared preoccupied, and he incurred the wrath of the shop-walker by repeatedly addressing him as "My dear Watson" or "Inspector."

At last the long business day drew to a close, and Horace was at liberty for the time being to devote himself to his own affairs.

After a hasty tea and toilet he repaired to the Wilsons', arriving at that peaceful abode at his accustomed hour.

He greeted Miss Lilly with more than usual affection, and proceeded to make himself highly agreeable to the rest of the family. He appeared to be in the highest spirits, and, with the master of the house in a genial mood, the party waxed rather merry.

The conversation had at length turned to furnishing—it somehow usually veered round to a topic of this sort—and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were carrying on a somewhat heated discussion as to the respective merits of linoleum and cocoa-matting, when there came a loud ring at the bell. Mr. Wilson paused in his argument, and then said:

"'Oo in the name of fortune's that?"

"'Erbert," said Mrs. Wilson, "go to the door."

The young member of the family addressed rose reluctantly and slowly walked, in a protesting manner, towards the door. In passing his father, however, the messenger's velocity somehow became accelerated, possibly in answer to a threatening scowl which he noticed on the former's countenance. He avoided a comprehensive swing of Mr. Wilson's foot in the nick of time, and, as a result of this sudden agility, reached and opened the door, inquiring in a sulky tone:

"Who is it?"

"Never you mind, my lad," said Mr. Withers, who had come to carry out his promise to the vacillating Horace; "get out o' my way."

He pushed past the startled youngster, and, striding down the passage, entered the inner room.

"Well," observed the head of the Wilson clan sarcastically, "I'm always pleased to see anyone. Why didn't you bring your brother Jack and the rest o' the family? Don't 'arf do it, my lad!"

Mr. Withers, ignoring these pleasantries, took a step forward and said dogmatically:

"Let no one interrupt me, I am Detective Smart, from Scotland Yard. Horace Braithwaite I arrest you on a charge of attempted murder!"

Before the astonished occupants of the room could thoroughly grasp the situation, Mr. Withers had crossed over and placed a rather antiquated pair of handcuffs on Mr. Braithwaite's wrists. The latter exclaimed with artistic surprise:

"Here, what's the meaning of this? How dare you put these things on me. Take 'em off at once."

"That's all right," interrupted the supposed detective. "I know you, Horace Braithwaite, alias James Robinson, you can't play any of your tricks on me; I warn you I'm armed."

The Wilson family at last found their several tongues.

Miss Lilly screamed, and her emotion getting the better of her modesty, wildly flung her arms round the shop assistant's neck, vowing that they should not take him. Herbert and the baby commenced to howl dismally, whereupon their mother soothed the latter and boxed the former's ears, exclaiming the while:

"Who'd have thought it. Well I never. A criminal—I shouldn't have thought he'd have had the pluck. A criminal, is he?"

She looked at him in a puzzled manner, slightly tinged with a new found admiration.

"He don't look it," she said, and she was perfectly right.

Mr. Wilson alone remained calm. He thoughtfully pressed the tobacco into his pipe and asked quietly:

"Wot's he charged with?"

"Highway robbery with assault," said Mr. Withers readily. "A most brutal attack it was; the innocent victim only emerged from the hospital the day before yesterday. I identified the prisoner from his description, I traced him here, and there you are."

He gazed at the assembled company like a music-hall artist, who, having concluded his performance, looks round for a just round of applause.

"Now," he continued, after this impressive pause, "are you ready? Come, I've no time to lose."

The pretended official shook the prisoner's arm imperatively; but before the latter, who was about to make an affecting speech which he hoped would accomplish his design, or indeed, anyone could speak, the distressed girl once more embraced the undeserving young man and implored his captor to wait, if only for a little while.

"Just a few moments," she entreated, laying a small hand on Mr. Withers' sleeve, "just a little time. I want to hear him say he's innocent. Do wait; he won't try to escape, believe me!"

Mr. Withers felt upset. He had not the slightest notion as to how a real detective should treat an appeal of this sort. A pair of remarkably pretty tear-filled eyes augmented his embarrassment; no one but a brute would willingly hurt the owner of such alluring organs. He began to wish he had never consented to participate in the hare-brained scheme. He hesitated, coughed, and looked for guidance at his prisoner; but that gentleman volunteered no assistance or suggestion either way.

Finally the bogus Mr. Smart said with less self-assurance than before:

"Well, I don't want to be too hard on a down man,

Quotation: The ploughman homeward plods his weary way, and leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Changelet: The baby loudly lifts his weary whine. Nurse leaves the room to darkness and to me.

and I don't see that five minutes or so will matter any way. If you're agreeable, I'll step into the next room and wait; then you can talk confidentially."

He walked to the door, where he turned, as though a thought had just struck him, and said sternly to the prisoner: "But remember, my men are posted all round the house. You can't escape, so don't try."

With that he left the room, closing the door behind him, and they heard him enter the kitchen. The door of that apartment squeaked in turn as he shut it; then there was silence.

Mr. Braithwaite waited a moment then began in a despairing tone:

"I don't mind so much being handcuffed and branded as a criminal before you all; what hurts me most is the knowledge that Lil and I must part for ever."

At this Miss Wilson gave a little cry of remonstrance, but mournfully shaking his head, the young man continued:

"No; I'm not fool enough to hope for what's impossible—a nice ending to what has been one of the happiest evenings of my life. I little thought when I came here, happy and merry, I should leave with these things on my wrists."

He shook the handcuffs like the hero in a melodrama, and added bitterly:

"Well, it doesn't matter what they do now I've lost Lilly."

The Wilsons were much affected—that is, excepting the lord and master.

Miss Wilson sobbed in a heart-broken fashion. Herbert gasped and caught his breath, wiping his eyes and nose on the sleeve of his jacket; while his mother commenced a criticism of English justice, which ended somewhat incoherently in personalities touching Mr. Withers. The other members of the family wept in chorus.

Mr. Wilson, however, taking advantage of a lull in this sympathetic outburst, said calmly:

"Are you guilty or not?"

His daughter, shocked at the question, said "Father!" and sobbed afresh.

"Guilty," said Mr. Braithwaite hastily, "of course not; it's a case of mistaken identity, that's what it is."

"Then what are you worrying about," asked the elder man. "You'll be all right to-morrow."

"Yes," put in Miss Wilson, brightening up, "you'll be all right to-morrow, dear. They'll find out their mistake and release you. Don't be afraid, we'll stand by you, whatever happens."

"Yes," said Horace with some uneasiness; "I know I can depend on you, darling, but let me tell you that once the law has its hand on a man, it's not so easy to get free. Innocent men have suffered before now. They'll bring false witnesses against me, and what can I do then?"

"I don't care what they say," cried Lilly defiantly, "I'll marry you no matter what witnesses they bring."

"Ah, you say so now," said the altruistic Mr. Braithwaite; "but how could I ask you to wed a man who has been through the streets handcuffed? How could you ally yourself to one who has stood in the felon's dock, even though falsely accused? People are bound to say things. No; it's too much to ask you. I don't expect it—we must part."

This was the gist of a speech which Horace had carefully prepared overnight. He delivered it with unction and much self-satisfaction.

Miss Wilson then drew herself together for a big argumentative effort. She fondly embraced him and affirmed that such a trifle as handcuffs made no difference. She hysterically avowed that her love was such that, if he were carried in irons to the lock-up, if he were sentenced for life—though the whole of the police force, assisted by the Army and Navy, each in turn supported by the fire-brigade and the Territorials, were to drag him, fighting like a madman every inch of the way, to a place infinitely worse than Siberia, she would remain constant.

Nay, even if he were guilty, if he had strangled innocent children, had murdered defenceless women, had stabbed, shot, or poisoned decrepit invalids, her love would increase rather than diminish with each fresh exposure. If they proved, beyond a shadow of doubt, that he had committed the combined atrocities of a Nero, a Caesar Borgia, and a few other Napoleons of crime, she would still hold it her greatest ambition to call him husband. She would go to prison with him if need be.

She said all this in a disjointed fashion, interspersed with passionate hugs.

Horace heard her in silence, indeed he was half-strangled and so had little breath for speech; but when she had become calmer he said sorrowfully:

"Ah, it does me good to hear you say so. It shows your beautiful generous nature; but I hope I'm man enough not to take you at your word. I won't drag you down with me; you shan't suffer. I don't know how I shall live without you; but there, I must put up with it. I release you—good-bye."

It was at this stage that Mr. Wilson, who had been listening to this conversation with great interest, rose and left the room.

He strolled into the kitchen and found Mr. Withers had grown impatient.

"Is he nearly ready?" he asked, moving his legs as though they were cramped. "I can't wait much longer."

Mr. Wilson made no reply to the question, but regarded him attentively. At length he said slowly:

"And how long have you been a detective?"

"Oh, some few years, off and on," answered the sentinel carelessly.

"I suppose you've got a lot of cases on hand just now," went on Mr. Wilson, filling his pipe.

"Well, yes, I have got rather a lot," returned the other, "in fact, I'm full up; I oughtn't to be staying here now."

Mr. Wilson struck a match and elaborately lit his pipe. "Your busy time, is it?" he remarked, throwing the charred end into the grate.

Mr. Withers began to feel uncomfortable; he had not bargained for this cross-examination. He shuffled his

feet and glared at the questioner, but the latter continued calmly to smoke. After a few luscious whiffs, he asked:

"Anything special on just now?"

Mr. Withers drew on his imagination, and, after thinking, said:

"Anything special? Let's see. Well, I'm hard on a gang of coiners, but that's nothing to speak of."

"Just so," said Mr. Wilson. He suddenly crossed to the back door, and, opening it, whistled and called, "Here, Towser, Towser!"

There was a pattering of feet, and a large and particularly ugly bull terrier waddled into the kitchen. The dog, on seeing a stranger, approached the intruder, and sniffed at his legs menacingly.

Mr. Withers hastily drew back the inspected limbs.

"Will he bite?" he inquired anxiously.

"If I let him," was the unconsoling reply.

"Then don't let him," cried the detective, trying to compress his legs into a space which would hardly have taken an umbrella. "Call him off."

Mr. Wilson's answer was decidedly hostile.

"Towser," he said to the dog, "mark him! D'you 'ear, mark him!"

The intelligent animal looked at his master as though to intimate that he quite understood what was wanted, and that the duty would be extremely congenial; then, transferring his attention to the unfortunate Withers, gave a low, ominous growl.

"You mind what you're doing," cried the, by this time, terrified young man. "You set that dog at me at your peril! I'm an officer of the law, I warn you!"

Mr. Wilson grinned.

"Show me your warrant," he said, "and he shan't touch you. Go on, just show it me."

The captured captor looked more frightened than ever. "I can't," he said feebly. "It's in my other coat. But you call him off," he went on angrily, as the dog, evidently itching to attack, growled again, "or I'll send for one or two of my men. D'you hear me, call him off."

"I don't believe you've got any men," said Mr. Wilson scornfully. "I don't believe you're a detective at all. I'll give you one minute to produce your warrant; and if you don't—well, Towser 'ere 'll bite it out of you."

The "officer of the law" looked desperately round. The dog snarled malevolently, only restrained by the presence of its owner.

Mr. Wilson looked on with calm enjoyment; there would be no hope of mercy from him. The trapped Withers gave it up.

"All right," he said sullenly, "you've done me, I ain't a detective."

"Then wot are you doin' 'ere?" demanded the conqueror.

"Well," replied Mr. Withers, lying to save his friend, "some pals and myself thought it 'ud be a good idea to play a joke on Horace. They said I wouldn't arrest him here. It was a bet."

"Oh, was it?" said Mr. Wilson, suspiciously. "Are you sure Horace did not put you up to this little caper himself, eh?"

"Oh, no; he didn't know anything about it. Besides, he don't know me," assured the other.

Mr. Wilson still looked far from satisfied, but said nothing. Mr. Withers waited a moment and then remarked:

"I suppose I can go now. I've told you the truth: I can't do any more."

The elder man smoked thoughtfully for a moment; then answered slowly:

"I ain't quite sure that you've told me all the truth. All right," he interrupted, as Mr. Withers began to protest vehemently, "it's no use your talkin'; I believe what I like. Now I've got an idea; it won't hurt you to do it. Listen to me."

He issued a few directions rapidly. When he had finished Mr. Withers smiled happily.

"It'll serve him right," he said; "I'll do it."

"Very well," said Mr. Wilson, chaining up the disappointed terrier, "you slip down the entry and round to the front door. I'll let you in. Look sharp!"

The two gentlemen parted for the moment, both smiling in anticipation.

Meanwhile, in the next room, the conversation had continued in the same despondent strain. Horace was beginning to chafe at the delay, and mentally to call his tardy friend uncomplimentary names.

"You'll think of me sometimes, won't you, dear?" he entreated Miss Lilly with deep feeling. "Say you'll never forget me, even if you never see me again?"

Miss Wilson was replying in fitting terms when the door bell rang loudly. A moment later Mr. Wilson and Mr. Withers hurriedly entered the room.

The former was radiant. He rushed up to the prisoner and seized his hands enthusiastically.

"Saved, saved!" he cried, then added loudly, "Off with these bonds of shame. Off with 'em."

Mr. Withers advanced beaming and removed the handcuffs from the astonished Braithwaite's wrists. The latter stared at his newly-freed members in blank amazement.

"Am I innocent?" he stammered.

"As a babe unborn," Mr. Wilson rejoined with fervour. Mr. Withers smiled benignly and explained.

"I've just received information from one of my men, that the real criminal has been apprehended. I'm therefore only too delighted to set you free."

"But," said the disgusted Horace, "what about the witness? You said he could swear to me."

"A mistake," said Mr. Withers genially, waving the objection aside.

"E can't realise his good fortune yet, poor chap," said Mrs. Wilson sympathetically. "No wonder! Well—well, I am glad! Kiss 'im Lilly and tell 'im it's all true."

Miss Wilson needed no encouragement. She embraced him fondly. Mr. Braithwaite took advantage of this to scowl vindictively over her shoulder at the treacherous Withers. He looked so threatening that the ex-detective compared him in his own mind with the bull-dog he had just escaped. At length he rose and said:

"All's well that ends well, I congratulate you. I'm

sorry the blunder should have happened; but the best of us make mistakes at times. I hope you won't bear malice; and let me say I shall be only too proud and happy to dance at your wedding with your charming bride."

Miss Wilson, blushing and laughing, acknowledged this gallant speech, while Mr. Wilson exclaimed "ear, ear!" with much heartiness.

A variety of thoughts passed through Mr. Braithwaite's mind. Conspicuous among them was the knowledge that Mr. Withers had got his two pounds. If he was anything of a student of character, those two pounds had gone for ever. He cleared his throat and murmured:

"You—you're not going just yet, are you? I should like to walk a little way with you—just to talk things over."

Mr. Withers wagged a playful finger.

"Two are company," he said smiling. "I wouldn't dream of forcing my society on you any longer; it's kind of you to ask me, though. Good-night! Good-night, Miss Wilson! Good-bye, everybody!"

Mr. Braithwaite watched him disappear, like one in a trance. Then he turned and received the congratulations of the family. They were very hearty. Reigning himself to his fate, he settled down once more by the side of Miss Wilson. His last hope had gone, so had his two pounds. There was only one thing he could do, slight consolation certainly, he could see Mr. Withers to-morrow.

THE AIRSHIP INVASION BOGEY.

By Admiral of the Fleet Sir NOWELL SALMON,
V.C., G.C.B.

[Alarmists prophesy that Germany is preparing to invade us by airship, and that we shall be powerless against such an attack.]

I AM unable to suggest any means of meeting an "invasion of England by airship," simply because I look upon such an invasion as purely visionary.

From a sailor's point of view, the airship carries too much sail, which she cannot shorten to a squall and cannot furl when she wants to steam head to wind, while her carrying powers, at present very limited, can only be increased by adding to the resisting surface.

I do not ignore the fact that, in view of recent trials, the airship will have its place among implements of warfare; but, also in view of recent failures, mostly due to unfavourable weather, it cannot be used as the means of transporting large numbers of men and material.

"PROFESSOR," said a senior, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know."

"Pray don't mention such a trifle!" was the reply.

ATTORNEY (for the defence): "Now, what time was it when you were attacked?"

Complainant: "I don't know; ask your client—he took my watch!"

KING EDWARD, AUTOCRAT.

THE resolution passed at an unemployed meeting the other day, calling upon the King to issue an order permitting his out-of-work subjects to dig for minerals, is not quite so ridiculous as it appears to be on the face of it.

Strictly and legally speaking, the whole of the mineral wealth of the Empire is His Majesty's property, as is also, for that matter, every acre of ground that covers and contains it. Theoretically, at all events, there is therefore nothing to prevent him from granting the asked-for permission.

In certain other directions, too, the King has still great power left. He could empty every gaol in Britain by a stroke of his pen, and keep them empty so long as he chose to go on exercising to the full his prerogative of pardon.

A word from him and the present Parliament would cease to be. He could send Mr. Asquith packing, and summon a costermonger from St. Luke's to be his Prime Minister; and if the House of Lords, as at present constituted, ventured to object, he could reduce the entire institution to absurdity by making every man, woman, and child in his kingdom a peer.

It is as the supreme head of the Navy and Army, however, that his autocratic power is most apparent. He can order one or both to make war. He can dress his soldiers and his sailors as he pleases, arm them how he likes. He could disband every regiment, and "scrap" every ship. In short, they are, theoretically at all events, his to do as he likes with.

Sometimes, too, he wields this power, up to a certain point. He abolished, for instance, the office of commander-in-chief. By the simple expedient of a Royal Warrant he instituted a sweeping reformation in the War Office. And Queen Victoria, by a like method, abolished the sale and purchase of officers' commissions, an even more drastic step.

MRS. DICKS: "Just think, Mary, how terrible! The poor man was torn limb from limb!"

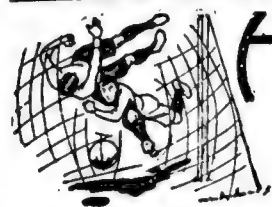
Mary: "Lor' bless us, marm, and men so scarce!"

FRIEND: "If your washerwoman charges by the piece, it must be rather expensive."

Young Housekeeper: "Oh, no; she loses so many things that her bills are never high!"

Quotation: A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
Changelet: A mine on the Rand is worth five to the "City."

The Romance of Football.



How "Soccer" Came

By H. BISSELL.

Author of "The Story of Football," "Famous Football Clubs: their Origin, History, and Growth."

It has already been shown that the old Rugby game owed its preservation to our public schools, to which we are also really indebted for the invention of the Association code.

This latter style of play was adopted at those schools where the areas are cramped and the playgrounds flagged with stone, because under the old régime such conditions made torn clothes and broken limbs ever-present dangers. Thus it came about that in time Eton, Winchester, Harrow, Westminster, and Charterhouse all debarred running with the ball and collaring as illegal, and consequently gave rise to that modern style of play, which is undoubtedly more fully entitled to the name of football than any other contemporary sport.

Though the adoption of the non-handling game witnessed the reduction of the team to eleven players, it must not be supposed that their formation was similar to what it is to-day. Then there were eight forwards, two backs, and one goalkeeper, and it was the sole duty of each forward to endeavour to steer the ball past his opponents.

OUR OLDEST ASSOCIATION TEAM.

Practically each player worked individually, and thus the art of "dribbling" was developed to an amazing pass. The innumerable tricks in which they indulged are to-day lost to the game, for then the only combination that existed was that of following behind the dribbler so that one could pounce on the ball immediately a rival robbed him of it.

In 1855 some old boys began to play the new style at Cambridge, and it was during this period that it was also adopted by the cutlery city.

Sheffield has long been famous as a football centre, and rightly so, for as far back as 1857 the Sheffield and Hallam clubs were started. It is stated that this former club (which, being composed entirely of amateurs, has nothing to do with the celebrated United and Wednesday organisations) is still in existence, and, if this is so, it undoubtedly occupies the premier position as the oldest Association team in the world.

At this time Sheffield played under a code of its own, which had many followers, and which continued until 1876, ten years after the formation of the Wednesday Club. As far back as 1866 Sheffield played a match against London, which fixture was in December, 1871, taken in hand by the Sheffield Association, one of the first bodies ever formed for the government of football.

Previous to this, an attempt was made to determine upon one code of rules to govern all players, but the suggested compromise—which was that a player could be legally hacked or tripped when running with the ball, and that the latter feature should be permissible when the ball was caught on the volley or the bound—between the two sections ultimately fell through.

DIBBLING GAME FIRST FAVOURITE.

However, the dribbling game was at that time in the ascendant, and thus a body, to be ever afterwards known as the Football Association, was on October 26th, 1863, founded by the non-handling clubs, who were numerically stronger than the followers of the Rugby game.

The formation of the Association, however, was not immediately followed by the adoption of its rules by all the dribbling clubs, the off-side rule perhaps proving the greatest obstacle in the way of a complete union. In 1867 it was agreed by the authorities that a player should be reckoned off-side unless there were three opponents between him and the opposite goal at the moment the ball was passed to him; whereas the Sheffield code considered a player on-side if there were only one opponent between him and the opposite goal.

By 1876, however, the clubs of the cutlery city had arrived at the decision that this difference could with benefit be adjusted, and so it came about that the rules sanctioned by the National Association were universally adopted.

After the institution of the Association the game made enormous strides in popularity, the number of clubs increasing so rapidly that in the season 1871-72 the famous Challenge Cup was put up for competition.

This trophy, by the way, was captured in its first year by the London Wanderers, who defeated the Royal Engineers in the final tie by one goal to nil.

In 1872 the first International Association game was played between England and Scotland at Glasgow, the match ending in a draw of no goals. The next noteworthy occurrence was the earliest meeting of the Oxford and Cambridge elevens, which took place in 1873, and resulted in a meritorious win for

Oxford. In 1873-74 Scotland inaugurated a competition corresponding with that associated with the English Cup, whilst Wales followed the example of her sister countries in 1877-78, and Ireland in 1879-80.

During these years these contests were multiplied, in a minor degree of importance, by the Associations of Birmingham, Staffordshire, Sheffield and Hallamshire Lancashire, and many other counties and populous centres, until at the present time they have become too numerous to mention.

In 1875 the sensational dribbling, which had hitherto proved the most important feature of the game, received a severe reverse, for with the introduction of "passing" and its subsequent development the era of the dribbler practically came to a close.

FORTY-FOUR GOALS TO NIL.

Still progressing, the forwards began to combine, and then it was that the clubs of England rightly followed the lead of their Scottish confrères and played two half-backs. Each man was also now expected to retain his proper position in the field, and as the forwards gradually became more proficient in the passing game, so it was found necessary to reduce the front rank to five and to strengthen the half-back line by the inclusion of another player.

Nowadays so perfect and machine-like has forward work become that the rearguard has of necessity to extend itself to the utmost to ward off an attack.

It is perhaps worthy of note that some of the highest scores recorded in the history of football were obtained so recently as the eighties, and it may be interesting to here mention some of the most remarkable.

In 1882 the International match with Ireland at Belfast saw England victorious by thirteen goals to none, whilst in the same year West Bromwich Albion threw Coley out of the Birmingham Cup competition by twenty-six goals to nil.

In the same competition Aston Villa beat Small Heath Swifts in 1883 by twenty-one goals to nothing, whilst in 1885 Arbroath defeated Bon Accord by thirty-six goals to love in the first round of the Scotch Cup.

In the same contest another big score—thirty-five goals to none—was run up against Aberdeen Rovers by Dundee Harp; whilst in 1887 the largest score ever registered in an English Cup tie was brought off by Preston North End, who in the first round vanquished Hyde to the tune of twenty-six goals to nothing.

At Wrexham in 1888 Wales defeated Ireland by eleven goals to none; but perhaps the climax was reached in February, 1889, when St. Peter's Shield beat Bucknall St. Mary's by forty-four goals to nil!

FOOTBALL A SKILLED ART.

In 1888 professionalism was legalised, and consequently amateurism rapidly began to wane, with the result that nowadays there are few amateur elevens who can enter the field against paid opponents with any chance of making a decent show. Yet only some fifteen years ago an English Cup semi-final saw an amateur club (Old Carthusians) play an astonishingly tight game against their professional opponents (Preston North End).

"Those who saw it," says G. O. Smith, "describe it as the finest match that has ever been played. After an hour and a half had been got through the scores were level, and it was only after extra time had been played that Preston managed to secure a victory, the winning point being gained by a foul given against P. M. Walters. Preston North End were then at the height of their fame, and it was no mean feather in the cap of the Old Carthusians to give them such a close fight." But what a contrast is to-day presented!

Next, in 1888-89, came the institution of the League, a competition which has done much to popularise the pastime, and to bring it down to the level of a skilled art.

During recent years we have also seen the foundation of the Players' Union, and this is practically the last noteworthy incident in modern football history.

From time to time, however, improvements in the rules are effected, objectionable features of play are prohibited, and everything which is for the advancement of the game adopted by our football legislators.

"GRACIOUS! How you roared in your sleep last night!" said Mrs. Lion.

"Had a bad night," replied the king of beasts. "I dreamt I was on the road again with a circus, growling to order!"

Mrs. Naggs: "My husband used to find fault with the coffee, but he doesn't any more."

Mrs. Howells: "How did you break him of the habit?"

Mrs. Naggs: "I induced him to make it himself one morning!"



A Bright Little Sketch by J. S. WILLOX.

HOOLIGAN was writ all over him. Because he was very big the writing was all the larger; and because he had never done such things before he was also shy and very nervous.

They had told him to go to Ward H, on the third floor, and he climbed the staircase of the hospital fervently wishing that the whole business was over.

On every landing he met the most distractingly pretty nurses, and the prettier they were the more sternly they eyed him, and the littler they were the more awesome and terrible. He carried a white paper and glanced at it from time to time, because it seemed to authorise his presence.

He found Ward H, and peered through the swing-doors. It gave the vague impression of a long place, pleasantly light; an avenue of white beds; a plot of flowers and ferns down the centre, like a flower-pitch on a refuge. He closed the door hurriedly. Another of them came towards him, steadily, unswervingly. He gasped twice, and the smallest and the prettiest and the sternest of the nurses burst upon him and demanded his business.

He shuffled, opened his mouth and shut it again, and blushed to the roots of his hair; and the vision, having pity, relaxed her sternness, but all his remaining senses scattered before her smile. He closed his eyes and gasped again, thrusting into her hand the crumpled paper.

She smoothed out the crinkles with a pucker of disapproval. "Um, pericarditis!" she murmured, glancing up at him keenly, professionally. "This is the ward; come in!"

She floated down the ward, and he sidled after her across the polished floor, his hands nervously ready to clutch at things for support. She led him to a chair beside one of the beds.

"Please sit down for a minute," she said; and he sat down, fidgeting awkwardly with his cap and staring round with something like defiant wonder.

She fluttered around the bed, arranging the mattress, folding down the clothes, and settling the pillows. Then she brought high screens and set them round about the bed and the chair he sat on, cutting him off from the rest of the ward.

"And now will you undress and get into bed?" she instructed, then slipped through the screens and vanished.

He started up in dismay, but his feet shot out and he sat down heavily. He stared round at the screens that inclosed him; they returned his stare with a blank indifference, perhaps with a suspicion of sternness they may have caught from the little nurse. Clearly they offered neither encouragement nor help, and he glanced at the little bed, blindingly white.

There was a faint rustle, and hastily he leaned forward to unfasten his boots.

"But lor' lumme!" he burst out, straightening himself. He blushed violently; the little bed had a shocked air, the screens seemed to shrink together in horror. One screen did move, and in the opening stood the nurse, a smiling Vision no longer—a surprised, inquiring, inclined to be disapproving Vision.

"What! Not in bed yet! You must make haste."

She was gone. He started to his feet in sudden panic, and found his head towering above the screens and a mark for every eye in the room. He ducked quickly and sank down again.

"Garn! Wotcher afayed of?" he wanted to know, and squared his shoulders. But his glance round the incircling screens was anxious, apprehensive. He longed to fling out his arms and knock over the whole blessed show. If only he dared! But he was shut in, fettered, by the frailest of spider's webs. How thankfully he would crawl under the bed! He lifted the sheet to peep, then sat up again suddenly, for a faint rustle drifted down the ward—passed him—no—yes—no.

She was still a Vision, but a Vision undeniably indignant.

"Why—" she began.

He struggled to his feet, waving his arms like a windmill. His face was a brick red, his temples moist with sweat. He choked and swallowed desperately.

"Lor', lydy, it ain't me!" he squeaked in an unnaturally small voice. He gazed longingly over her shoulder at the door. "It's 'Arry—'im they're bringin' in nah!"

And when they heard about it they reproved her for bullying the patient's friends, and an impertinent house-physician fled at her approach, begging that he might not be sent to bed. As for Bill, it was not until he had given his young woman a black eye that he recovered his sense of masculine superiority.

Quotation: It's no use closing the stable door when the horse has gone.
Changelet: It's no use saying "Told you so" when the hubby has blundered.

COMMITTEE ROOMS



Fun and Frolic at Scots 'Varsity Elections.

At the present moment, the students of the three Scots Universities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen are in the throes of intense excitement. Text-books are forgotten, class lectures are unheeded, for Saturday, October 24th, is the date of the triennial Rectorial Elections.

A Rectorial Election is an event peculiar to Scottish University life. The Lord Rector, it may be explained, is the President of the University Court. He holds office, as indicated, for three years; but, instead of being appointed by the Court or Senators, his election, curiously enough, rests with the students.

The duties of the Lord Rector are far from heavy. They consist chiefly in delivering an address to the students after his election, and—most important of all to the student mind—in granting them a holiday.

Time was, perhaps, when the duties were much more onerous, but in these days the appointment has become merely an honorary one to be conferred on some distinguished politician or administrator.

Fought on political lines as the elections now are—though three years ago Aberdeen conferred the honour upon the non-political candidate, Sir Frederick Treves—they are valuable as giving the students an insight into political affairs; and political authorities profess to see in the choice they make of a Lord Rector every three years the prospects of the respective parties when the next General Election comes round.

RAIDING THE RIVAL ROOMS.

The manner in which candidates are nominated is not the least peculiar incident of these curious elections. Each University in Scotland boasts its Liberal, Conservative, and Socialist, or Fabian club. It is these clubs which have the honour of nominating the different candidates, and the nominations take place at mass meetings of the members.

Every means is adopted by the student politicians to secure the return of their nominee, and the election proceeds in ding-dong style.

Magazines and election literature of all descriptions are published by the rival parties. Each lauds its candidate to the skies, but treats its opponents to depreciatory personalities in a manner that would make our keenest satirists green with envy.

By a curious law which governs the "Rectorials," as the elections are styled, the candidates are not allowed to address the students on their own behalf. However, other distinguished politicians may speak for their friend if they have the courage, for the proverbial bull in the china shop gives but a faint idea of the row which frequently marks these meetings.

Of course, to carry out the campaign properly each party must have committee-rooms, usually an empty double shop in the vicinity of the University. And it is round these rooms that the battle rages most fiercely. In Glasgow, for instance, the name of Gibson Street has become classic for these ructions.

It is considered a march on the enemy to paint their premises during the night the vivid colour the opposition admires; but an even greater coup is to raid or capture the rival party's room and destroy every item of furniture it contains.

The result, therefore, is that the old double shop is barricaded like a fort, while it is strongly guarded night and day by enthusiastic student politicians.

PEASEMEAL AT A PREMIUM.

The principal weapons of offence are peasemeal, eggs, and ochre, backed up, of course, by physical strength. For the defence of the rooms a large water-hose is requisitioned, and when the enemy attacks the party citadel, a small porthole high up in the door, or barricading which is substituted for the windows, is opened to allow the hose to be brought to bear on the daring invaders.

Literature of the spiciest description, it has been indicated, is published during the campaign. Naturally, no party cares to be held up to ridicule. Accordingly each tries to destroy the magazines and pamphlets of the other before they can be published.

The election comes to a height on the polling day. Early on that morning 'buses, brakes, and motor-cars crowded with cheering students fly all over the University cities decorated with the colours and literature of the rival parties.

Always well supplied with peasemeal, the occupants of these vehicles engage in battle whenever they meet, and no greater feat can be performed than the cutting of the traces, which leaves the unfortunate 'bus or brake of the opposition stranded.

Violent though the election campaign may be, immediately the polling is concluded and the result announced, the students forget their animosity and fraternise in holding torchlight processions and other symbols of rejoicing.

VOTES FOR WOMEN!

How to Obtain the Right to Vote.

VOTES for women! The new battle-cry of the sex forces itself upon our ears at every turn, and from a hundred platforms speakers, whose eloquence is only to be exceeded by their charm, describe to us in forceful language the wrongs endured by our sisters, wives, and mothers.

The more we ponder this weighty question, the more clear must it become to us that there are large numbers of women, with intelligence and capacities almost equal to our own, who are denied the franchise simply because they belong to the weaker sex. Responsible and orderly citizens as they are, why, pray, should they not enjoy with their husbands and brothers the privilege of voting?

Readers of P.W. can hardly have failed to observe that, while avoiding the thorny paths of politics as much as possible, our pages are always on the side of liberty and advancement. It will therefore come as no surprise for them to learn that upon this burning question of Woman's Rights P.W. has taken the side of the ladies!

Like some intrepid warrior of old, *Pearson's Weekly* now stands in the breach, beckoning with no uncertain finger the would-be voters to follow. If it be votes you want, dear ladies, learn that this paper has devised a scheme by which you may obtain them. It is our desire that each one of you should vote, and when you have studied our proposal you will be surprised that the idea never occurred to you before.

Our plan involves no residential or rate-paying qualifications. No tedious legal processes have to be gone through before the right to vote is obtained. What we desire is universal female suffrage, our motto in this matter being "The vote's the thing," and our ambition to see every woman exercising her undoubted right.

It seems a bold statement to make, but we do not hesitate to assert that every woman who adopts our proposition will find nobody who can successfully stand between her and the voting-paper. The question is absolutely settled for all those who follow our advice.

And what is that advice?

The details of the scheme will be found in full upon page III. of our red cover, and when I add that the voting involves a sum of £350, readers will readily recognise that this is no ordinary or trivial matter. To vote at an ordinary election is to pass judgment upon hundreds of questions which continually obscure one another. To vote in the present instance is to obtain a popular verdict on one burning and all-important question, which may mean that one of your friends will obtain the sum of £350, or one of the numerous smaller sums that are going begging upon the page mentioned. The question at stake is no less a one than this, Who is the most beautiful woman in the British Isles?—and there is not the slightest reason why you, as a patriotic lady voter, should not obtain the £350 for one of your friends.

This would be voting to some purpose; but if you really mean to try, don't forget the old electioneering maxim and poll early!

ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

In a certain very large business house in London the chief is a very busy man indeed, and, at the same time, a very peppery individual. So large is his concern that it is quite impossible for him to keep in touch with the many details of his business, and one of the departments he leaves to his manager is the payment of his clerks.

But about a month ago one of his young men bearded him in his den and broached the subject of an increase in salary. His wages had stood at £150 a year too long to please him.

"All my clerks are paid what they are worth to me," snapped the old man, "and I look upon your application as a piece of impertinence! What salary are you getting now?"

A happy thought struck the clerk.

"Two hundred and fifty a year, sir," he said.

"Um!" said the old man. "Well, that is all I have to say to you. Send in the manager!"

The manager entered shortly after.

"Make Brown's salary £200 a year," he said.

The manager was about to offer an explanation.

"Do as I tell you!" thundered the old man. "I'll teach the young upstart to dictate to me what salary to pay my people!"

SNIGGINS (angrily): "Do you know that your chickens come over to my yard?"

Snooks: "I supposed that they did, for they never come back again."

"I AIN'T got no money, your worship," exclaimed a coster who was fined ten shillings the other day for disorderly conduct, "but if you'll take it out in bloaters, things could be harranged as hamical as possible."



By One Who Once Struck.

"WHAT are the operatives doing all the time when a big strike is on in Lancashire?" I was asked the other day. "They just sit down and wait, I suppose?" the questioner continued. And in his little laugh I heard the opinion of nearly all England.

It is wrong. The men of Lancashire do not sit down, neither do they wait. They stand up, and act. There are very few Micawbers in the cotton county, which is proved by the fact that to many operatives strikes have turned out to be blessings in disguise.

But they themselves have done the converting. They see opportunity in them, take it, and benefit. And to-day, so far from greeting a reference to striking with a curse, many thank God for it.

No sooner had the mills shut down some weeks ago than quite fifty per cent. of the out-of-work Lancashire operatives were looking round to find out what they could do to better their position. So well did they look and so successful were they that many of them will never need the factories again.

We all know, by the way, how keen the Lancashire mill "hand" is on football. He loves it dearly.

The natural result is that Lancashire turns out some clever exponents of the game, and it is interesting to learn in this connection that cotton strikes have led to many of these young enthusiasts being discovered and given the places which they deserved in our leading elevens.

IMPROVING THE STRIKING HOUR.

During a strike in Cottonland some years ago, a young weaver devoted his enforced spare time to the study of theology, a subject with which he was already on very excellent terms. So successfully did he study that long before the strike was settled, he had so impressed certain ministers of his denomination, that they got him into their training college, and three years later he was delivering telling sermons to the operatives among whom he used to earn his living at the looms.

Quite as creditable, if not as striking, was the manner in which a now well-known Lancastrian managed to convert a cotton strike into the foundation on which he built his fortune.

He was a mule-spinner when the strike occurred and he had been provident and saved a little money. He used to rise every morning at the hour at which he had risen to go to the mill, and, while his colleagues were sleeping, he was scouring the surrounding country for nettles and other herbs.

With these he made herb beer. He opened a little shop, and he did so well that instead of returning to the factory when the strike ended, he was able to stay at home and push the business.

Not long afterwards he bought a mineral-water concern and very soon the pushfulness which he had practised at the beginning helped him to make his new business bigger and more prosperous.

Again, a certain industrious ex-cotton operative, in time of trade troubles used to make excursions to London with the little money he had put by in order that he might fit himself as a guide in the metropolis to persons of his class and acquaintance. Now he is being employed regularly by a great firm of tourist agents, and he has added all the places of interest on the Continent to his list of resorts.

NO LONGER AT THE LOOM.

Asked how he managed to get on abroad in the matter of languages, he replied, "I learned the languages when I was on strike!"

In the cotton exchanges of Manchester and Liverpool we might find men who taught themselves the theory of spinning and weaving during some trouble which had closed the mills; while more than one eminent legislator of to-day has utilised strike time to imbibe the knowledge of politics, which has since made his name. Not that one is pleased to see these strikes. They do grievous harm, but it is because of the harm they do, that one wishes to show a little of their good.

It is among the women and girl workers, however, that we find the most energy when strikes are on.

Hundreds of girls work just as hard at dressmaking and millinery when trade wars are being waged, as they do at weaving, and winding, and warping, in time of peace. And one is glad to know that not a few succeed in founding flourishing businesses.

Others there are who make a close study of music and succeed just as well, and there are girls who, through being driven to singing in the streets of Lancashire in time of stress, have been discovered by impresarios, and—they didn't work in factories again.

In hundreds of Lancashire homes when a strike is in progress young factory workers of both sexes are busy teaching the piano and the violin. They have acquired the knowledge when they were worn-out in the evenings. They are selling it in order to keep want away from the door.

Quotation: You may take a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink
Changelet: You may tell a woman to believe you, but you cannot make her believe

THE MOST REMARKABLE STORY OF THE CENTURY.

BEGIN TO-DAY

A DEAD MAN'S ADVENTURES

THE SECRET STORY OF GRAYMAN BLAND

Told by Frank Kyrle White, B.A., Clerk in Holy Orders.

Rendered by "NEMO."

CHAPTER V.

The Man Hunt.

They had caught us at last! We lay in the "Spider's Larder."

Grayman Bland's grand endeavour—and various, indeed, were the expedients of that marvellous man—to discover which of the gang of scoundrels called "The Family" had put the murder of Brewster upon him had failed at the actual moment of success—by my fault alone.

As we had lain listening, my one stupid exclamation out loud had been overheard. Like a fool I had betrayed my friend—and all our plans!

It seemed, after all, in vain that Grayman Bland had revived after hanging, all in vain that he had pursued his secret plans for the exposure of the true murderer. Cruel as the Camorra, of which they were a branch, the Society of the "Family" had him and me in their power at last. They could not possibly have mercy on those who had spied upon their secret council.

So now we lay bound, in the centre of London, within a quarter of a mile of Waterloo Station and the Strand, in the very inmost underground cellar of this most dreadful modern organisation of robbers.

We lay in this dark dungeon called the "Spider's Larder," under the subterranean council chamber, while a hundred whisperings went on over our heads. Then silence. Then came about an hour of dreadful waiting.

Then at last we heard our captors beginning to file into the chamber above. The cellar-flaps above our heads were thrown back. A man with a lantern came down by a rope. To each in turn a hook was fastened by the cords which bound us, and we were hauled up like sacks ignominiously by a rope and pulley attached to the ceiling of the chamber above. This was dimly lit at one end by three huge candles. Three men, hood-masked like Inquisitors, occupied raised seats, one by each candle. These three were in bright vermilion robes, but the others, standing round the side walls, were in robes of black, also with pointed hoods and dreadful eyelet holes. The three in red we knew to be members of the supreme Council of Seven.

Their eyes, and the eyes of the Black Brothers, glittering through the hoods—eyes—eyes of men, of whom we could see nothing else—appalled me. Instinctively I apprehended torture.

Yet so strange, so mediæval, did all this seem, occurring in the twentieth century in the very heart of London, underneath the earth, south of the Thames, opposite Somerset House, that I could not, even then, bring myself to the belief that it was all real. Not until I was suddenly and silently forced into a kneeling posture, side by side with Grayman Bland, did I once again grasp that my doom was really sealed. There could be no pity for us.

I did not fear death; but I reviled myself bitterly for my unthinking folly, which had ruined Bland and all his plans.

A muttered conference was still going on between the three chiefs robed in scarlet. Then one of them beckoned to a brother of lesser degree in black. He went out; he returned with a pail of water. Then, two "familiars" took Grayman Bland—who was, of course, disguised as a negro—while another held a lantern above him. They stripped him to the waist. Then the pair of them began to rub on his negro skin. To my horror, I saw that the colour was coming off.

Then, very solemnly, one scarlet-clad figure came down from the dais and stood by, watching, silently. At last he motioned the two assistants to stop. Then, still contemplating through those terrible eyelet-holes the false negro as he knelt bound before him, the red-robed man, like some masked cardinal, placed a finger within Bland's mouth and tweaked from it the two pieces of rubber which made his lips look negroid, and the padding from his cheeks.

Then he slipped the quills out of Bland's nose, those quills which gave to the nostrils the flattened appearance of a nose of a negro.

At a sign from this chief of the gathering, all came crowding round the lantern, looking at Bland intently in silence. They were endeavouring to recognise him.

Suddenly one of the scarlet-clad figures (I am sure it was Uzielli) whispered swiftly into the ear of the Superior. He gave a great start, but laughed incredulously.

"Try the other first," said he; "I am not sure."

They had my wig off in a moment; one brought a razor and scraped my face roughly, smooth.

Then came an exclamation of real alarm from the man I thought to be Uzielli.

"Your name is White," said he. "Who is your friend?"

I said nothing.

"Give him a turn of the cord," said Uzielli, savage with all the Italian instinct for torment. Instantly a wire bit round my forehead, turned tight like a tourniquet. I cried aloud in agony.

Then Grayman Bland laughed hoarsely. "Stop that!" said he. "If Joe Uzielli," he said, "will look close he can see I am the man he tried to plant Brewster's murder on."

Like a gust of wind in the trees came a sudden sigh of surprise from all. It was followed by more than one deep gasp of consternation.

"You—you are Gladman Blunt? Gladman Blunt was hanged!"

The red mask, whom I now knew to be Uzielli, peered into the face of Grayman Bland.

"It is he!" he said, in an awed voice.

"But," went on the Superior, a voice I did not know, "I saw you condemned, Mr. Blunt; you were hanged. How is it you live?"

"And what may you be doing with that young tender-foot, White?" chimed in Uzielli.

"That you can find out for yourselves."

"Give him the cord," snarled Uzielli.

"No," said the unknown man in the red robe, authoritatively; his voice seemed fatigued and elderly. "Brethren, this is no matter which we three can decide upon. This is a matter for the full Council—perhaps, even, for the International Council. This concerns the vital interest of the whole 'Family' at home and abroad.

"I can hold out no hope of your lives to you, gentlemen," he went on, in the cultured voice of a polished man of the world. "You knew your risk. You have dared too much for some end of your own, which I propose to discover. If necessary, you will be forced to confess. We can have no mercy in your case. Had not one of the brethren of the Supreme Council been absent in Barcelona, you would have been dealt with to-night. As it is, you have still a day or two to live. I remand them back to the 'Spider's Larder,'" he added, imperatively. "The concave will now adjourn."

There seemed to be no appeal from this stranger. With-

out further parley we were lifted to our feet; the two cellar-flaps opened, and we were dropped back into our dungeon like two sacks of potatoes. The heavy trap clanged above our heads, a key grated in it, bolts were shot. We were left alone in our underground prison, reeking of damp and filth.

So we lay. So we lay for the best part of an hour in silence, save for the soft fluttering of bats' wings.

Then, feebly, for I was very humiliated, I began to beg Grayman Bland for forgiveness for the strait I had brought him into by my unpardonable imprudence.

"I'm awfully sorry, Bland," was all I could blurt out.

To my surprise he did not reproach me.

"Never look back, White," he said, "and oblige me now by keeping silence."

And so, full of grievous thoughts, I lay on. But not in entire silence, for I heard, now and then, Grayman Bland breathe hard, as if straining. There was a faint creak, too, now and then. Suddenly I felt fingers on the cords which bound my arms, and a faint, unearthly whisper. "Do not make a sound," came into my ear. In ten minutes more I was free of my cords.

"Lie still," said Bland's almost silent whisper. "I am going to explore."

Then I heard faint scratchings round the utter blackness. They sounded for all the world like the crawling of snails on the walls—faint, yet distinct.

Then, after about half an hour, came his unearthly whisper, stealthily:

"It is all right, White."

"What?" I whispered in reply.

"They have no place to listen here. I have been over every square inch with my fingers. This is obviously a dungeon which has been used before. It is a sort of large crypt of arches supporting the structure above; it is not more than six feet high. The doors above are very thick, and, by this time, you should know there is no ventilation whatever. If we stayed here long enough, we should be suffocated by carbonic acid gas."

"Like the Black Hole of Calcutta?" said I.

"Like the Black Hole of Calcutta. The air must gradually get more foul until we die. We shall probably be tortured instead; they must, in the interests of their own safety, find out how I came to survive hanging. We are not dealing with common thieves, you know, but the pick of some of the criminal brains of Europe. I think they hate us too much to give us any creature comforts—before they force confession. It is lucky we have someone over Uzielli to deal with."

"That blackguard, Uzielli," I said, "must have been astounded to see you and me in company."

"That is what makes the situation more dangerous for us. Don't you see that the fact of your being 'rooked' by Uzielli in that gambling den at Medham Abbey and then appearing in my company is a quite incongruous blending of circumstances? How is it, say they, that a man whom they deemed dead and done for turns up in disguise in company of a guest whom they have made a pigeon of—two people who, as far as they know, are strangers to each other. That must give rise in their minds to the gravest suspicions of a counter-conspiracy being entertained against them."

"Will they think we are police spies?"

"They may think that you are one. But me—me, having, as far as they are concerned, having risen from the dead! With me, they must be completely confused. In my case, they have no data to go upon. They thought me dead—killed by the law, as they planned me to be—hanged in a perfectly orthodox manner—and now they find that, notwithstanding I was hanged, I am still alive! And they don't know how! That is a nasty jar for them—an unexpected bolt out of the 'blue.' They have no means whatever by which they can account for my being alive. It must be most alarming for them. The utterly unexpected is always unnerving. They are consulting and speculating like mad, at this moment, I am sure."

"But what are we to do now?"

"My idea is this: That, if we do not get out of this dungeon within the next twelve hours, we are dead men."

"And all through my folly," I said; "you will be sacrificed without being able to show your innocence to the world."

I can never make out why Bland—generally so suave—laughed then; it seemed so out of place.

"So, so," he said; "but, meanwhile, my dear friend, there is one chance for us."

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

James Gladman Blunt alias Justus Grayman Bland, the man who is dead in the eyes of the law. His operations on the Stock Exchange having cornered the investments of a gang of rogues, known as a "Family," they scheme to get rid of him by murdering another man named Brewster in such circumstances that Blunt is convicted and hanged for the crime. The execution, however, miscarries. Blunt revives at the post-mortem examination, and, with the connivance of the prison chaplain and surgeon, regains his freedom. Assuming the alias Bland, he devotes his future to bringing the true murderers of Brewster to justice.

Frank Kyrle White, B.A., the prison chaplain who tells the story. So convinced is he of Bland's innocence that, resigning his chaplaincy and curacy, he co-operates with him in bringing the true criminals to book.

Gentry Lowe, a shady solicitor with chambers in Great Marlborough Street. Suspecting that he has misappropriated three-quarters of a million which had formerly belonged to him, Bland raids Lowe's premises for incriminating documents. To his surprise he discovers papers showing Lowe to be secretary of the gang that had ruined him.

Shufflesheeps, a reputed millionaire. Along with White, who, subsequent to the raiding of Lowe's premises, masquerades at Bland's instructions as a man about town, he visits Medham Abbey, a country-seat owned by a man named Rouben Jackman, but in reality run by the "Family" as a gambling den. There he loses heavily at cards, and besides has his wife's jewels, valued at £85,000, stolen. Threatening to call in the police, he is murderously attacked in his bedroom by Uzielli, one of the "Family," but is saved by the timely interference of Bland. The latter, it transpires, suspecting that White was amongst the gang he wished to track, had hurriedly got himself enrolled in the household at Medham Abbey as a footman for the purpose of shadowing the principals of the gang.

Silkstone, "Auld Silkie", the arch scoundrel of the "Family." Professing to loathe gambling, he marks the cards for the sharpers who swindle Shufflesheeps. It is he who snatches the jewels from Shufflesheeps in the dark, but is in turn relieved of them by Bland, who in due time restores them to the rightful owner. Unable to account for the disappearance of the jewels, "Auld Silkie" is accused by his colleagues of having disposed of them for his own benefit.

Joe Uzielli, another of the leading members of the gang, who, as stated, endeavoured to murder Shufflesheeps. He excites the jealousy of one of the junior members, Domenico, by the attentions he pays to his wife. In revenge, Domenico at a meeting of the secret Council, threatens to get "Macbean at Forta Rosa" to expose the fact that Brewster was not killed by Blunt, but by Uzielli and himself (Domenico).

It has been told how latterly Bland and White, the former disguised as a negro, join the "Family" and persuade them to put them in hiding from the police in a chamber above the secret meeting-place of the Council. An accidental exclamation by White reveals that they have been listening to the quarrel, and they are immediately hustled into a loathsome dungeon, known as the "Spider's Larder."

Quotation: Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood.
Changelet: Great debts weigh more than coronets, and simple bills make angry blood.

"What?"

"My dear White, I have never had the assurance to say this to you before" (I put this down exactly as it happened—it is my duty), "you are so like most people; you will not look the obvious facts in the face. There is always a way out of everything, unless force is too strong for you."

"But force is too strong for us here."

"Force is of two kinds—brute force and mental force. If mental force can by the least fraction outdo the brute force, all is still well. Come on!"

"Where?" said I.

"Come here!"

Grayman Bland took me by the arm and led me, in that utter blackness, to a blind wall.

"Feel!" said he.

"I feel a brick wall," said I.

"But nothing else?"

"Nothing else."

"Can't you feel the edge of an arch, which has been bricked up with bricks, now loose?"

"Yes, now you mention it."

"Come on, then. Go gently. Down with them."

We began picking in a furious silence at the bricks; they came out easily.

"I must risk fire-damp," said Grayman Bland, when the hole became large enough for him to pass; then he put himself through and disappeared.

Ten minutes later I heard his whisper.

"It is, as I thought, a very old disused wine vault. Here is a long passage. Come."

I followed him through a gallery for quite a distance.

"Feel again," he said.

"I felt a wall; all I could feel was a dripping damp wall."

"What do you feel?" said he.

"A wet wall," said I.

"Yes, you child," said he; "but what deduction do you draw from a wall as wet as this?"

"What can I?" said I. "It is wet. That is all."

"Ass! Come, take out a brick; the mortar is all perished. Lay it down without noise, as before."

I took out a brick without difficulty. From the sound I could tell that Bland was taking out another.

"What do you feel now?" said he.

"Earth," said I.

"Well! Can't you see now?"

"We are right down," said I, "underneath the earth—we can't get out."

"But have you no sense of place?"

"Very little."

"How do we face?"

"I don't know."

"North—now do you see?"

"What of that?"

"We face the river."

"How is the river going to help us?"

"Oh, you are hopeless! Wait and see. Dig, man, dig!"

And so, with our hands, we began digging into the solid earth. First we tore out bricks. Then we began burrowing like moles, or rabbits, or any of the underground creatures. Handful by handful we, throwing bricks behind us, dug into soft earth, until after half an hour all wringing with perspiration, we desisted, panting.

"What is it?" I asked. "In Heaven's name, where do you hope to get to, Bland?"

"Can't you feel?" he said.

"No, I feel nothing."

"Every moment the earth gets more wet. It's running down almost. We are working in a sort of chalky loam now; wait till we strike through the clay."

Again we set to work. Two hours must have passed. I was all clammy and half-dead with fatigue, in the suffocating atmosphere. And then suddenly I began to feel the earth stick to my hands.

"It's very sticky now," I said, almost fainting as I said it.

"Of course," answered Bland hoarsely. "We've come to the clay, as I said we should."

Then, as we worked on steadily, the whole stratum above seemed to get lighter, and much more wet. Considerable trickles of water began to come down on us. The floor began to be flooded here and there with puddles.

Then Grayman Bland stopped suddenly.

"Do you know what the time is?" said he, very seriously.

"About ten or eleven," said I. "I should think."

"Do you remember when it is high water at London Bridge?"

"I have no notion at all," said I.

"Well, my friend," said he; "you may take it from me that our lives depend on that simple fact."

"Bland!" I cried, amazed.

"It is true," he answered solemnly. "If it is high tide in the Thames, the moment we emerge we shall be drowned like rats in a hole."

"Emerge!"

"Yes, you bat; can't you see that we are working up into the bank of the Thames?"

I had seen nothing so far; I had merely obeyed the superior intelligence blindly. "The Thames!" I repeated, faintly.

"Of course. I have the bearings of the whole place mapped out in my mind. Are you prepared to take the risk of being drowned in liquid mud and water, or the alternative of being tortured to death by our friends who put us here? This is an even chance—the other is a certainty."

"Well," said I, "there is no choice, then?"

"Of course not. This is our only one. Come on, then! To work!"

And then we, all dripping with exertion, fell upon the sticky clay with a recklessness to which a football scrummage is but child's play. We clawed at the clay, we threw it behind us like those grubbing beetles do, and so held on for another hour, until on glancing back to the heap behind us it seemed we must have excavated a tunnel. And it was a tunnel we were in now—a veritable

(Continued on Column Three.)



Fact-faking Facts You Ought to Know.

"ORANGES are never fit to eat before November," growls the man who knows what's good, when, early in autumn, he sees the golden fruit stacked high in the window of the fruit shop.

And he passes on his way wondering how the trade manage to get hold of such ripe-looking fruit so early in the season.

The orange is one of the slowest of all fruits to mature and ripen. The trees, which blossom in February and March, do not produce ripe fruit until the beginning of October, and even after that the orange goes on gaining flavour and sweetness if it hangs another month on the tree.

They look very pretty, do these early oranges, but the fact is they owe their colour to artifice, not Nature. They were green as grass when picked, or, rather, clipped, from the tree.

It is the peculiarity of the orange that, if left on the tree, it does not attain that deep characteristic golden hue until the nights turn cool. The orange dealer knows this, and acts accordingly.

The green fruit, after being picked, is laid on shelves in a ripening-room, where the temperature is kept between 95 and 100 deg. Fahr.

Within forty-eight hours the green has turned to yellow. Then the heat is cut off and cold air pumped in. Almost at once the colour begins to deepen, and very soon the oranges have a ripe appearance.

Lemons are treated in a somewhat similar fashion, but in this case the fakement is legitimate. A fresh-picked lemon usually contains a high percentage of sugar and a small one of acid.

PLUMS WHOSE BLOOM IS ONLY BLEACHED.

After being picked, the lemons are put in a curing-house, where an even temperature of 50 deg. is maintained for about three weeks. They are then removed to another room, where the temperature is lower, and are kept there for another month or more.

The result is that the whole lemon shrinks slightly, the skin is reduced in thickness, and the fruit itself becomes full of sharply acid juice.

Grapes with a bloom invariably sell better than those which have none. Certain intelligent fruit salesmen have found a method of restoring the waxen beauty to bunches that have been rubbed in transit, and have profited accordingly.

Some interesting information was given by an expert before a sitting of the Food Preservatives Committee as to the part which chemicals take in the manufacture of preserved fruits.

Sulphur, he said, is used extensively in the process of bleaching dried fruits, especially Carlsbad plums, Valenciennes raisins, and California apricots. It gives them a bloom and an appetising appearance.

Those lovely-looking preserved cherries "glassed" in France owe their exquisite colour to carmine. Greengages are sometimes coloured with copper, an abominably wicked and dangerous practice. Salts of copper are highly poisonous.

Saffron and annatto, the witness added, are also used for colouring preserved fruits, and cochineal for colouring jams and jellies.

Speaking of jams, what is marmalade? The dictionary defines it as a conserve made of any kind of sour fruit. The term originated in Portugal, where marmalade was originally made of quinces.

WHY BOTTLED FRUITS ARE DEAR.

But the public analyst of Aberdeen, discovering that a certain sample of Scotch marmalade was made largely of apples, flatly denied that the manufacturer had any right to class his product as marmalade. Bitter oranges, he said, and pure refined sugar were the only permissible ingredients.

Jams, cheap varieties at least, are too often not what they seem. Much that is described as made from fresh fruit is really manufactured from fruit pulp, of which enormous quantities are imported from Italy, California, and Australia.

This pulp realises about £20 a ton. It is wholesome enough, but the conserve made of it is very far from equalling that prepared from fresh English fruit. Fruit-pulp jam is usually chemically flavoured and coloured.

You can buy Singapore pineapples in tins at a wonderfully low price, and of all tinned fruits few surpass them. But some people prefer fruit put up in glass; they are afraid of tin. The shopkeeper will accommodate them, but he charges a very much higher price. Glass is so much more risky to carry, he says.

If the deluded purchasers only knew it, the fruit has come to England in tins, and been transferred to glass jars since its arrival in this country.

A great proportion of the vegetables used for making pickles are not fresh at all. They have been imported in big casks in brine.

Another mean swindle consists in candied peel, made of lemon peel from which all the essential oils have been already extracted.

tunnel, slippery, dark, noisome, half water and half mud. And in it we kept working breathlessly, half-suffocated, stopping now and then from utter exhaustion.

GRAYMAN
BLAND.
(Continued.)

Suddenly, swiftly, and without any warning, the earth fell in on us. With a deep inrush, a viscous liquid mass squirted in on the top of our heads, blinding us. Our mouths and eyes were full of mud and water. We were driven back some six feet down into the deep well up which we had dug. A veritable sluice of brown water had been opened upon us, so thick that I gasped frantically for breath. Was it death?

I had fallen right back, when I felt myself grasped by the neck.

"Buck up!" cried Grayman Bland's voice. "Shove, you beggar, shove!"

And I shoved! I scrambled! I climbed, slid, pushed, put feet and elbows into everything I hoped would hold—it generally did not—until somehow, I know not how, I put my gasping lips out into the air above a small cascade, over five inches of brown water rippling peacefully over a mud-bank—the broad face of Father Thames.

At the first moment, the utter sense of pure relief left me lying on my side like a fish half out of water, palpitating and gasping. Grayman Bland was little better. It had, indeed, taxed to the full the strength of two strong men to burrow, like rats, through the earth, and to emerge into a river—alive. But now, as we lay dazed, for twenty minutes, the dear little waves lapped around us. The cool breeze frolicked down the river, caressing our steaming brows. Then I awoke to find that—it was night!

There was no moon; the stars twinkled above us.

On the river, ink-black silhouettes of steamboats shot now and then along the surface of the stream, with a puff of smoke and gleaming glow of the furnace fire against the block of blackness—Somerset House.

A railway engine puffed its way lazily across Charing Cross Bridge. There was a twinkle of serrated lights on that of Waterloo reflected in the water. By the sounds, I judged it to be nearly twelve o'clock. The lights in the supper-room balconies in the Savoy Hotel were still sparkling; Big Ben shone like a full moon in the distance.

The old world of London from which we had seemed to be parted so long, was going on—just as usual. But no one, I suppose, in London, would have supposed that which we had gone through to be possible.

Waist-deep we stood up in the mud, and watched with straining eyes all that river life which the regular Cockney ignores for the life of the street. But for the lap-lap of the water and an occasional whistle of an engine on the railway bridge of Blackfriars or Hungerford, or a syren hooting from down the river, there was no sound—except, of course, the dull roar and dull glare of every-night traffic in the Strand.

Now, to be nearly up to your arm-pits in soft river mud is no pleasant thing. We feared to climb on to one of the barges moored by the wharves; we might be too conspicuous there. We were safer where we were.

We stood half-buried in the soft, evil-smelling mud. We dared not make a move while there was traffic about in the streets of London. On the one hand we were in fear that our enemies below and behind us might discern our escape; and, on the other, that we should excite too much remark should we emerge into civilisation before the throngs of theatre-going folk had entirely subsided.

We waited, listening attentively to Big Ben as he struck the quarters, one after the other, until at last came a quarter to two. Then we began our struggle to get free of the mud. The tide was still on the ebb as, chilled and dank, we crawled with difficulty out of our clammy holes, which seemed to try to suck us down.

"We must swim for it now," said Bland, "to the base of Cleopatra's Needle. It would never do to attempt a steamboat pier. And we do not know the coast of the river well enough on the south side to be sure of not making a mistake in landing there."

I agreed. Grayman Bland always knew best.

Two o'clock struck as we slid into the water and struck out for the Embankment opposite.

We had discarded our shoes and made fair progress at first. Our chief trouble was to negotiate the arches of Waterloo Bridge; for the stream was against us, and, although it was near the turn of the tide, Grayman Bland, who was no longer in his first youth, and already much exhausted, was now badly put to it.

I, as the younger and athletic man, had to come to his assistance at the corner of one of the piers of the bridge on the lower side. I bumped my knee badly against it. Bland had miscalculated his strength. The undertow was actually sucking him down into the rippling water when I got to him. Indeed, I only contrived to make him hold on to the stone ledge, which jutted out into the river, by giving him the assistance of my shoulder.

"You go on," said he feebly.

"Rot!" said I.

"My life is done with," said he.

We were in a bad way. Grayman Bland, with all his superb mental powers, was now quite unable to make any further physical effort. We were alone in the great river, clinging to the pier of the bridge.

Suddenly, puffing along up stream, came a steam launch.

I had no choice. I hallooed. The boat swerved stealthily aside, and glided swiftly up to us. A boat-hook was thrust into my coat, a life-buoy thrown to Bland, and, in a moment—out of the frying-pan into the fire—we found ourselves on a boat of the Thames River Police!

They hauled us on board, and stretched us out on deck, going through the conventional drill for the recovery of the half-drowned. The black-bearded inspector gave us brandy, and questioned me kindly enough.

How had we come to be in the river?

I answered, "My friend fell in. I have been trying to rescue him." He evidently did not believe me; I was never a good hand at lying.

"He'll be charged with attempting to commit suicide," said he. "You'll just come along to Bow Street, both of you."

And so, miserable wretches that we were, as soon as we

Quotation: The pitcher that goes off to the well gets broken at last.
Changelet: The husband that goes off to the pub deserves all he gets.

had recovered, we were marched off across the Strand to the police-station. I limped badly, for my knee hurt me much. Thankful enough was I to find that so few people were in the streets. When we two utterly draggle-tailed scarecrows, hatless and shoeless, came up to the station and before the Superintendent who was in charge of it. I admit that I was utterly nonplussed. But Bland had already recovered his presence of mind.

"What were you doing in the river?" we were asked. "Have we not a right to be in the river if we like?" said Bland, calmly; "it's a public highway, isn't it?"

The inspector eyed him sharply. "Humbug! You were attempting to commit suicide off Waterloo Bridge."

"I suppose a man may have an accident on a river as well as on a road," Grayman Bland answered firmly. "We were having a swimming match."

"In those clothes?"

And then I realised our plight. We were like two adult mud-larks.

"Who saw me jump off Waterloo Bridge?" said Bland suddenly.

"Don't bluff me, you know; you are 'crooks,' you know that."

"Look you here," said Bland; "you have no witness to show that I did anything. See here, here's four sovereigns for the men that pulled us out. You see I have means of subsistence. You can take 'em or leave 'em. But they shall not have them if we are charged. It was an accident; but that accident is no business of yours."

"Well, you talk like a gentleman," said he. "What are you?"

"Students."

"Oh, medicals. Well, I suppose it's some lark. But you're old enough to know better. You may go this time. There's no evidence."

I was never so relieved in my life.

But never—in the very next moment—did I receive such a sudden shock.

From a far corner of the police-office was gazing at us a face. That face!

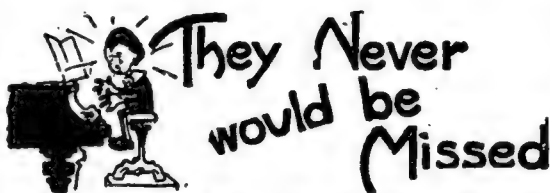
It was a face which had ever haunted me—the face of Detective Inspector Steele. He who had arrested Grayman Bland for murder, he who had dropped in when we had been planning Bland's escape after his resuscitation in the mortuary of the prison!

(Another big instalment of this remarkable story will appear next week.)

A PRISONER at the sessions had been duly convicted of theft, when it was seen, on "proving previous convictions," that he had actually been in prison at the time the theft was committed.

"Why didn't you say so?" asked the judge of the prisoner angrily.

"Your lordship, I was afraid of prejudicing the jury against me."



Sunny Social Studies. By Our Own Pessimist.

VI.—THE INFANT PRODIGY.

"INFANT prodigies" there have been in all ages, but the exploitation of precocious childhood was never so widespread as now, while—the irony of it—there never was a time when we professed a greater regard for the welfare of children.

For I am not so much concerned with the personal qualities of the infant prodigy as with the glaring evils of the pernicious system of which he is a more or less helpless victim.

The infant prodigy is often an undesirable, or at least, an unlovable child, unnatural, conceited, unhealthy-looking, everything that a child should not be.

But that, poor little chap, is his misfortune rather than his fault; it is the whole system of prodigy performances that calls for condemnation as a disgrace to our boasted civilisation and a terrible commentary on the sincerity of our professions of regard for the interests of childhood.

In the first place, I denounce prodigy performances as useless, or, to put it differently, as seldom having any artistic merit or value.

Dr. Johnson said of the dog that walked on its hind legs that the wonder lay not in what it did, but in that it was able to do it at all. And so with the infant prodigy.

Once in a century, perhaps, a veritable wonder-child may arise, endowed to all seeming with the fully-developed powers and genius of a man or woman.

But in the majority of cases the performance of the infant prodigy is like that of a dog walking on its hind legs. The wonder is not in the merit of what he does, but that he is able to do it at all. Such performances, being closely allied to "freak" exhibitions, do not elevate art but degrade it; do not benefit those who witness them but lower them.

The second point is that prodigy performances should be prohibited by law on account of the suffering and misery they often entail on clever children.

I don't say that prodigies are usually actually ill-treated, though there have been many ugly cases of

the sort, but I do say that the unfortunate child is often driven beyond his powers, and subjected to a cruel and intolerable strain.

Proof of this is to be found in the fact that few "prodigies" live to manhood, or, at all events, to a useful manhood.

Left alone, properly educated and trained, these gifted children might well have developed into great artists, benefactors, joy-bringers, to mankind.

As it is, they are lost to the world, and for what?

In the first place, to gratify the ignoble curiosity of the mob; in the second place, very often to fill the pockets of unscrupulous parents and agents, who see in the child a gold-mine, and often work it to death.

We are very careful about other forms of child labour—indeed, the tendency is to make it difficult for the working-class child early to learn a trade that will serve him all his life—but we allow the "infant prodigy" system, with its frequent cruelty, its always present danger of permanent mental and physical injury to the child, to go on practically unchecked and uncontrolled.

CHILDREN MERELY "RAREE SHOWS."

And I say that this is a black disgrace to a nation that is always boasting about its love for children.

However, there is also the "infant prodigy" in private life, and he is perhaps a greater nuisance than his elder professional brother or sister.

You can avoid the latter, but there is no getting away from the former nowadays.

As in professional circles you are asked to witness the "dog walking on its hind legs." The small boy is put up to recite "The Charge of the Light Brigade," the little maiden to play Beethoven, with variations.

The modern parent's idea seems to be to make a "raree show" of his children, and that is a detestable practice, infinitely bad for the child. Children who are encouraged to "show off" before their elders soon become self-conscious, bumptious, spoilt in every way.

And it is not only a question of the piano-playing or recitation-giving "infant prodigy." There is the ever-increasing class of book-learned "prodigies," wretched travesties of childhood, driven on to winning prizes and scholarships so as to save their parents the expense of educating them.

And—but space fails. I say that infant prodigies of all classes never would be missed, because they seldom do any good when they come to manhood, because it is hateful to any decent-minded man or woman to see a child being made a show of, and because they often lead wretched lives, and benefit undesirable people.

16

OUNCES

Made from materials of the choicest quality. Use it for every home - cleaning purpose and save the wrappers.

750,000 Prizes,
Value £150,000

Send wrappers for next Prize Distribution to
Whitehall Soap Works, on or before Dec. 31.

Complete list of prizes and full particulars FREE

JOSEPH WATSON & SONS, LTD.
Whitehall Soap Works, Leeds

'Odd-weight' Soaps are wasteful!

If all along you have been buying soap packed in 'odd-weight' tablets, note that:—

2½d. for a 10 ounce tablet means 4d. per lb.

2½d. " " 12 " " " 3½d. " "

3d. " " 12 " " " 4d. " "

Every tablet of Watson's Matchless Cleanser, when packed, is guaranteed to weigh 16 ounces. Its price is 3d. Of Grocers, Oilmen, and Stores everywhere.

Purchase money refunded if you have cause for complaint.

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER

QUIPS AND JESTLETS.

POOR GIRL.

AN untravelled country-man once treated himself to a trip to London. There, for the first time in his life, he saw a schoolgirl go through her gymnastic exercises for the amusement of the little ones with whom she was playing.

After gazing at her with looks of interest and compassion for some time, he asked a boy near by if she had fits.

"No," replied the boy. "Them's gymnastics."

"Ah, how sad!" said the man. "How long's she had 'em!"

PIED PIPER NOT IN IT.

"Dad," said Teddy, "it isn't true, is it?"

"What isn't true, my son?" asked his father.

"Why, this about the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Is it true that he could play on his pipes so fascinatingly that the rats would come out of their holes and drown themselves?"

"Well, I dunno," said Teddy's father. "It might be. Your Uncle Tom can play the cornet so that it will frighten a cow into the river and make all the dogs in five miles growl! Yes, I dessay it's true."

"I AM speaking," said a long-winded orator, "for the benefit of posterity."

"Yes," said a listener, "and if you keep on much longer your audience will be here!"

HE: "I notice you call a good many of your acquaintances cranks. I hope you do not consider me a crank?"

SHE: "Certainly not! A crank is a person with one idea, and I never heard anybody accuse you of having one!"

MANNERS FOR MEN.

TOMMY had been making a study of etiquette. One day



place to open the door for a lady?"

THERE'S MANY A SLIP.

THE manager of a shipyard is reported to have assembled his men together in the time office and told them to vote in a municipal election as they pleased.

"In fact, I shan't tell you how I am going to vote," he said, "but after it is all over I shall have a barrel of beer brought into the yard." ("Hear, hear!" shouted the men.) "But I shan't tap it unless Mr. Blank gets in."

THE RIGHT EYE: "I hear that the Upper Lip and the Lower Lip parted to-day."

THE LEFT EYE: "Yes; it was owing to some words that passed between them!"

"AND why were you discharged from your former place?"

"For being too industrious—and that's the truth."

"That's very strange. What did you do?"

"I went down into the cellar one day and dusted the old wine bottles!"

NOW THEY ARE ENEMIES.

It was a cold, dark night, but Sandy and William were happy, because there sat between them the most charming young lady in the town. It was a spirited horse they had hired, and the trap bowled merrily along o'er moor and fell.

William held the reins, and, as he could dimly perceive, in spite of the darkness, that his side of the lady's muff was unoccupied, he slipped his own disengaged hand into it, and—well, two hands were very soon tenderly pressing each other. And so the happy moments flew, and the drive home came almost to an end.

"When you gentlemen have done with my muff," said the young lady presently, "I trust you will not fear to tell me, as my own hands are becoming quite numb with the cold!"

Then dark suspicion fell upon her two admirers, for things are not always what they seem. And William and Sandy are now sworn enemies.

HIS TEARFUL STORY.

THE explorer was entertaining his friends with yarns more or less true of the Polar regions.



"Once," he related, "I was cornered by a bear and didn't have a bullet to protect myself. Tears came in my eyes as I thought of home."

"What then?" asked his breathless friends in unison.

"Why the tears froze as hard as rocks, and, ramming them in my gun, I fired and killed the bear."

MR. NEWWED: "These pies aren't near as good as the ones mother used to make."

MRS. NEWWED: "Yes, and your salary ain't near as good as the one my father used to make, either!"

MR. POORMAN: "I have called to speak to you about your daughter. Of course, you must have noticed that there is something between us—"

HER FATHER: "No; but I'm sure there will be pretty soon."

"Ah!"

"Yes—the German Ocean. I'm going to send her abroad until she gets a little common sense!"

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

Together they sat in the old armchair,

As lovers so often do;

Heart clung to heart, and lip to lip,

As if they were stuck like glue;

But after three hours, George couldn't be called

The happiest man among men,

For the bundle of bliss he held in his lap

Scaled just upon twelve-stun-ten.

Like a hero of old he stuck to his guns,

But the strain was giving him beans,

And Georgie began to realise

What the "White Man's Burden" means.

At length she raised her musical voice

And broke the silence intense;

She said, "D'you think I'm a nice girl, George?"

He simply replied, "Immense!"

"You say you take motor-car rides for the sake of exercise?"

"Certainly."

"But where does the exercise come in?"

"Getting out to see what is the matter!"

"BRIDGET, has Master Johnnie come home from school yet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you seen him?"

"No, sir."

"Then how do you know he's come?"

"'Cause the cat's hidin' under the grate!"

NO, HE DIDN'T RING.

R-R-R-RING! R-R-R-RING! went one of the bells in the hotel kitchen. Jumping up the waiter noted that the alarm came from the room occupied by Farmer Giles, who had come to town to see the Franco-British Exhibition.

The bell continued to ring more violently than ever, and the waiter sprinted up the stairs in record time.

"Is it a fire or murder?" he cried bursting into the farmer's room.

"Eh, what?" replied the agriculturist, who was standing against the wall with a knife suspiciously in his hand.

"What are you ringing for?"

"I ain't ringing," he replied, "but I've lost my collar stud, an' I'm tryin' to dig this little 'un out o' the wall!"



FOUND OUT.

"THESE be hard times

as he came to pay his rent, "and I'm that sorry I ain't been able to raise more than fifteen pounds of the twenty I owe you. Here it is—all I could scrape together."

"I am sorry to hear that," said the factor, as he took the bag and poured the contents out on the table. "But, I say," he added, after counting the money, "there's twenty-five pounds here."

"Jehoshaphat!" exclaimed the farmer, growing pale. "I've given you the wrong bag!"

HE: "My income is small, and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof."

SHE: "I don't live on the roof!"

"WHAT would you do if I were to offer you work?" "It 'ud be all right, mister," answered Meandering Mike; "I kin take a joke as well as anybody!"

HOW BILL WAS "BESTED."

IN the Black Country there lives a certain collier who is also an amateur gardener, and who manages to grow some very fair celery. The other day he met an old friend, and, after greetings had been exchanged, he said:

"Come round to my place, Bill, and I'll give ye a stick of my prime celery."

"Thanks," said Bill; "that'll be grand!"

And off they went to Jim's garden, where, after mature consideration, Bill chose a stick.

"Anything to pay?" he asked.

Jim waved the offer aside.

"No, no," he said; "that's all right! Just give the kids a copper apiece for themselves."

There were only nine "kids."

ROOM FOR HIM, TOO.

THOUGH "Valiant" was printed in gold letters across

his cap, the small boy showed unmistakable signs of fear as he was confronted with the lion at the village fair.

"Don't be afraid, Johnny," said his mother soothingly. "It won't hurt you. It's only a stuffed one."

"But, Mum—"

as he made to give the yawning effigy a wide berth "It looks as though it could stuff me in, too."

WHY HE WAS NERVOUS.

WHERE are the servants like the old retainers? Come weal, come woe, duty stood first with them, as was evidenced a short time ago when a certain country squire was giving a dinner-party.

His oldest servant, Henry, who, as a reward for faithful service, lived in a house of his own in the village, was waiting at table; but, for the first time in his life, Henry was unaccountably nervous. Blunder after blunder occurred, and the squire began to frown.

But he understood Henry's nervousness at last, for, when the dessert had been placed quietly on the table, he stole timidly behind his master's chair and said:

"Please, sir, can you spare me now? My house has been on fire for the last hour and a half!"

TEACHER: "Is there any connecting link between the animal and the vegetable kingdom?"

Bright Pupil: "Yes, mum; there's hash!"

"EVER been in Siberia?" asked the reporter.

"Er—yes," answered the distinguished Russian refugee; "I took a knouting there one summer!"

NOT HIS STYLE.

It was the sweet scent of the lilies in the conservatory, the beauty of the young girl's hair, and the excellent champagne he had taken with his supper that led to his proposing to the debutante in white as they rested in the shadow beneath a palm.

"It cannot be," she said. "I am unworthy of you."

"Oh, rubbish!" said he.

"It is true, it is true." And she sighed.

"You are an angel," he said ardently.

"No, no; you are wrong!" said the young girl. "I am vain, idle, silly, utterly unfit to be your helpmate through life."

He laughed lightly, then said in a soothing voice: "Why, this is sheer madness! What sort of a wife do you think I ought to have?"

"A very wise, deliberate, practical woman," she replied; "one able to live on your small salary!"

Quotation: 'Tis not in mortals to command success; But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it.
Changelet: 'Tis not all changelets that command success; But yours do more, P.W.—they deserve it.

What the Fresh Air Fund Has Done This Year.

235,290 DAYS,
3,645 FORTNIGHTS in 1908.

THE Fresh Air Fund has a grand record to show for 1908. Sympathisers have subscribed the sum of £12,050 1s. 2d., of which £11,351 15s. has been spent, leaving a balance of £698 6s. 2d. to be carried forward to next year.

The whole of the F.A.F. expenses are borne by the promoters, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, the Standard Newspapers Limited, the Daily Express Limited, and the Ragged School Union.

The great success achieved by the Fresh Air Fund this year has been largely due to the send-off which it received from Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, who, as our readers will doubtless remember, spent the best part of a June afternoon amongst a thousand little children from the London slums in the glades of Epping Forest. This was the first F.A.F. outing of the year.

This year the promoters of the F.A.F. made an addition to their programme. As well as holidays of a single day in the country, they instituted a series of holidays extending to a fortnight, trusting that the increased expense involved would be met by a still more generous subscription from the public. Nor were they disappointed, as the record for 1908 shows. The single day's outing has been enjoyed by 235,290 children—about 2,000 more than in any previous year—while 3,645 of the most needy and weakly children have spent a fortnight amid the delights of the countryside at a cost of ten shillings each.

When every child dealt with can be sent for this longer holiday, then our greatest ambition will have been realised.

The visits of the London children during last summer may be briefly summarised as follows:

66,720 went to Loughton.
14,270 " Greenwich Park.
6,800 " Hampstead.
19,100 " Various places (in small parties).

Of provincial children, 128,400 had a day's holiday. In all cases the cost worked out at £8 2s. per 200 children.

Turning to the more personal side of the question,

we have to thank numerous individual benefactors for their generosity towards the little ones. Mr. William Waldorf Astor, for instance, gave the largest single subscription yet received in the shape of £1,000, a truly munificent gift.

Messrs. Gill and Reigate generously devoted the entrance-money derived from their exhibit at the Franco-British Exhibition to the F.A.F., and so were the means of giving nearly 20,000 children a day's holiday. Mr. J. W. MacDougall, Editor of the NAPIER DAILY TELEGRAPH, made special appeal in the columns of his paper, and was actually able to send us the handsome sum of £440. Mr. O. J. Simond kindly undertook the work of collection through the columns of LAWN TENNIS, paying all postages and expenses in connection with the amounts sent in; while Mr. and Mrs. Du Cane worked a collection through the CROQUET GAZETTE. Both of these special collections realised over £200.

Readers of BLACK AND WHITE, although approached late in the season, subscribed over £100. Several R.A.O.B. lodges made collections, as also did many regiments and ships in the Royal Navy.

As in former summers, a special set of outings for cripple children was arranged, and it was a truly pathetic sight to see these little creatures enjoying the balmy air and greensward of the country, many of them for the first time.

The provincial towns and number of children benefited in each by the Fresh Air Fund were these:

Town.	One day.	Two weeks.	Town.	One day.	Two weeks.
Aberdeen	3,000	30	Liverpool	6,000	60
Belfast	4,000	90	Middlesbrough	2,000	20
Birmingham	6,500	80	Manchester	5,000	90
Blackburn	2,000	20	Newcastle-on-Tyne	4,000	90
Bolton	3,000	30	Norwich	2,000	20
Bradford	4,000	90	Northampton	2,000	20
Burnley	2,000	20	Nottingham	4,000	40
Bristol	5,000	50	Oldham	2,000	20
Cardiff	3,000	30	Plymouth	2,000	20
Derby	2,000	20	Portsmouth	3,000	30
Dublin	5,000	50	Preston	2,000	20
Dundee	3,000	40	Salford	2,000	20
Edinburgh	4,000	40	Sheffield	5,000	50
Gateshead	2,000	20	Southampton	2,000	20
Glasgow	6,000	110	Sunderland	3,000	60
Halifax	2,000	20	South Shields	2,000	20
Hanley and District	3,500	35	Stockport	2,000	20
Huddersfield	2,000	20	St. Helens	400	—
Hull	4,000	40	Swansea	2,000	20
Leeds	5,000	100	Wolverhampton	2,000	20
Leicester	3,000	50			

Each of the above towns was administered by a local committee, to whom Mr. Ernest Kessell, the Hon. Secretary of the F.A.F., paid a visit in the

early spring, accompanied by Sir John Kirk, Secretary of the Ragged School Union. To every member on these committees our thanks are due for their kindly offices, while papers at home and abroad have directed the attention of their readers to the F.A.F. In this connection the SOUTH AUSTRALIAN ADVERTISER, the FEATHERED WORLD, and the PELICAN may be particularly mentioned.

One more item. Since the start of the F.A.F. in 1892 no fewer than 2,075,855 children have spent a day and 3,645 a fortnight in the country, thanks to the Fund.

C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

"But why do you call your dog Thirteen?"
"Don't you see he's lame?"
"Yes; but what has that to do with it?"
"Why, he puts down three and carries one, doesn't he?"

WHERE WOMEN SHINE BEST.

By GUY THORNE

(The famous author of "When It Was Dark").

WHAT I most admire in woman is the quality of sympathy, the power of tenderness. Some months ago I wrote an article for a syndicate of newspapers called "What Modern Women Lack." I said that, in my opinion, it was tenderness.

The article provoked a good deal of correspondence, some of which reached me privately, and the tone of most of it really seemed to prove my point. The ladies who wrote rather suggested that the modern woman's function was not to be the constant comfort and helpmate of man, but that she was to live an independent life of her own.

I don't think this is true. My views may be old-fashioned, but I am persuaded that they are sound. A man struggles and fights in the world to maintain a home and the woman he loves, who shares it with him. That is his part. The wife's part—as I see it—is to be the comforter and solace to his endeavours.

I admire these supreme qualities of womanhood as I admire nothing else in the world. And the supreme and wonderful tenderness of a good and loving woman is a quality to which I pay a respect which is awe-struck. There is nothing more beautiful in life, to regard or to enjoy.

THE LAST OPPORTUNITY

FOR OUR READERS TO ENTER FOR THE

"CURRANTS and BANANAS"

Home Cookery Competition.

No Entrance Fee. £1,500 in Prizes.

WE WANT A RECORD ENTRY FOR THIS COMPETITION, AND HOPE THAT ALL OUR LADY READERS WHO HAVE NOT YET SENT IN THEIR NAMES, WILL DO SO AT ONCE.

This Competition is promoted for the encouragement of Home Cookery—no professional chefs or cooks being allowed to enter—and it is just those homely, tasty dishes you make on every baking day which will win one of the prizes.

There is no Entrance Fee to pay, no troublesome or difficult conditions. Just fill in the form at the foot of this page, send it in as directed, and you will receive, FREE OF ALL CHARGE particulars of this interesting Competition, with full instructions of what you have to do.

DAILY PRACTICE IN CURRANT AND BANANA COOKERY is the keynote to success in the Competition, and we strongly recommend our readers to COOK SOMETHING EVERY DAY CONTAINING ONE OR BOTH OF THESE WHOLESOME AND NUTRITIVE FRUITS, in order to ensure a good chance of winning one of the valuable prizes.

THE PRIZE MONEY WILL BE DIVIDED AMONG the various counties throughout England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, in proportion to the number of Entries from each County, and every Reader can add to the prize money for her county by entering for the Competition herself and persuading some of her friends to enter also.

Mr. C. HERMAN SENN, G.C.A., F.C.I., one of the greatest cookery experts of the day, will judge the dishes, and award the prizes, and his decision will be final.

When the Currant and Banana dainties have been judged, and the Prizes awarded—all the good things sent in will be immediately distributed amongst the destitute poor. Therefore, in entering this competition, you are making a feast for those who cannot make a feast for themselves.

MOTHERS, DAUGHTERS, and HOME COOKS, any number of people, may enter from one household, for which purpose extra entry forms will be sent free on application.

FILL IN THIS FORM TO-DAY "CURRANTS," 231 STRAND, LONDON.

Please send, free of cost, as mentioned in PEARSON'S WEEKLY, to

FULL NAME.....
(Mrs. or Miss)

FULL ADDRESS.....

* copy of the Currant and Banana Recipe Book, and full particulars of the Great National Cookery Competition.

Your Grocer has copies of the little booklet "Simple and Dainty Currant and Banana Recipes"—ask him for a free copy.

SERIAL STORY.

THE WINE OF LONELINESS.

By META SIMMINS.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX (continued).
The Cutting of the Knot.

JUST for a moment, as she looked into those fever-lit eyes and recognised the havoc suffering and privation had wrought in the man's face, Cara forgot herself, forgot to fear lest the ears of the old servant should have overheard that fierce outcry, the shrewd old brain be already piecing together two and two with the hideously inaccurate arithmetic of the jealous domestic.

She bent tenderly over the bed.
"Oh, yes—hush! It is I—don't excite yourself . . . can I do anything for you . . . is there anything that can be done . . . ?"

A smile flickered across Bentley's thin face.
"Yes; bring Lisa to me," he said. "My sting's drawn now, Cara! There's nothing to fear. Death is the conqueror—and the deliverer."

Then Cara remembered to be afraid; she straightened herself and glanced round the room quickly, but they were alone; Mrs. Creed had slipped from the room in order that she might have her "cry out" unmolested.

"I see you're a coward still," whispered the man in the bed. "But isn't it foolish to be afraid of a dead man? For I am dead to the world already, Cara, and in a few hours, shadow that I am, I shall have gone for ever to the place of shadows. In the face of death, can you deny me the only thing I ask of you—to see Lisa once—to touch her hand? Oh, I know you're hard, hard and cold, but if you deny me this, may God deny you the happiness and peace you have purchased so sorely."

"Happiness and peace!" The words, uttered in all sincerity, cut Cara's heart like a sneer. She turned from the bed with clenched hands. After all, she asked herself fiercely, why should she refuse the man's request? He was dying, the doctor said so, his face said so; as she stood there, the laboured breath that ever since she had entered the room had perceptibly failed confirmed the truth of their speech. Why should she refuse the dying man the favour he craved? But Lisa! Lisa knew that he lived—knew, also, that his death would be her release; surely, in all truth, she had suffered enough without having this added suffering thrust upon her—that she must assist at the death agony of the man she had once loved. Death is not a lovely sight for the young . . . she would gladly spare Lisa this memory.

"Cara . . . for God's sake, be merciful, and send for Lisa. . . . Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

His words seemed to pierce through to the very core of Cara's heart. Mercy, not justice, that was what she had desired; what she seemed destined to receive—justice tempered with mercy—how cold it was! She bent over the bed.

"Hugo . . . if she comes, if I allow her to come, swear you will say nothing . . . do nothing to bind her. Set her spirit free as well as her body . . . show the mercy you desire to receive."

Bentley stretched out his hands and caught hers in a tight grip.

"Poor old Cara, you've never been selfish where Lisa was concerned; the tragedy has been that all your selfishness has been so bitterly unavailing, but I want only Lisa's happiness, understand that. Her human happiness, unhampered by any scruple! And . . . believe me, that I am sorry for the past. . . . I was never so bad as you thought me . . . but had I been a hundred times a better man I was never worthy of her."

His voice failed, a strange tremor ran over his face. Trembling and frightened, Cara slipped to the door.

Outside in the sunlight the young housemaid who had summoned her was sitting on one of the broad window-seats, staring at the door she had evidently been left to guard. Her eyes were red, her face convulsed with that facile grief which is the luxury of the elementally emotional. Cara beckoned her. "Go and bring Miss Lisa to me at once," she said. "Tell her I am waiting here—at the end of this corridor—but say nothing else, not another word—you understand?"

Her look and voice made her meaning so unmistakable that Lisa, when she came, as she did almost immediately, had received no hint of the reason for this summons.

Cara came towards her quickly, put her arms round her.

"Lisa," she said in a low, quick voice, "Hugo wants you . . . he—he's dying . . . it is to say goodbye. Are you brave enough?"

Lisa felt that every drop of blood had left her body. She felt that her very lips were white. Just for an instant she did not even try to speak. Then the weakness passed.

"Yes." Her voice was low but firm. "I am brave, mother. Take me to my husband."

She walked into the room with a swift, soft step, and as Cara, half-hesitating whether to follow or to wait, stood still, she closed the door behind her.

It seemed to Lisa that inside the room her strength failed utterly. She could not pass the screen. She made an effort, and failed; made another effort, and succeeded; and, as though without seeing her, he yet knew of her presence there, the man in the bed raised himself and spoke her name, and the sound of it enveloped her like a caress.

"Lisa!" he said. "Lisa!"

Then she was at his side, her hand in his, held by so

compelling a force that gradually her head bent, and almost before she was aware of it her lips met his. The shock of this contact sent her reeling back; he was her husband, but he was a scoundrel, a self-confessed murderer. He might while he lived claim the allegiance of her will, but surely not even in death could he again claim her lips.

The man saw the action and understood.

"Poor little girl," he whispered, "is it so bad as that with you? Never mind—regard it only as a kiss of charity, my little white saint—such a kiss as that by which a St. Francis strove to make himself one in brotherhood with the leper."

For answer the girl fell on her knees by the side of the bed. Like Cara, now that the first shock was past, she saw in that drawn face, those burning eyes, no longer the object of her fear or her aversion, but only the object of her supreme pity.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," she whispered brokenly, "it is as bad with me and worse! That things should be thus—and that this should be the end of everything! We thought you were dead—we thought that God in His mercy—"

"Had saved me from the consequences of my crime?" Hugo finished the sentence for her with a wry smile. "No—the witch's cauldron held a secret for me, Lisa. I didn't want to die; you see I just did not happen to be guilty of that one particular crime."

"You did not murder Maitland?" She put the question eagerly. Somehow it did not enter into her heart to doubt that the man would speak the truth; men, at least such a man as Bentley had showed himself to be, did not go out into the beyond with a lie on their lips. Whatever he had been, he had never been a coward.

"No, dear little girl, that was all a huge mistake. There was no murder; Maitland's death was the result of an accident, and the man who struck the blow that resulted in it had no more murder in his heart than you have; and now I am dying, and I want you to remember that those are my dying words—and I want you to promise me that you will probe into nothing. I want you to promise me to have that charity which believeth all things, suffereth all things."

His thin, white hands, that were so deathly cold that it seemed almost as though already the rigour of death were creeping over him, caught at her hands and possessed themselves of them, and to Lisa it seemed that they were laid straight upon her heart, for she seemed, in some strange way that she could never afterwards understand or explain to herself, to have a vision into the mind of the dying man—and to read the truth that lay beneath those veiling words.

"Promise."

"Oh, I can't promise . . . I don't understand you. . . ." Her tears fell hot and warm on his hands.

"My dear, you understand me right enough. I am dying, Lisa; I'm going out of your life at last—the life that I ruined—and I want to die knowing that you are going to be happy, going to have the happiness that is your woman's right! I want to die knowing that you are going to marry the man you love . . . going to be a happy wife and a happy mother."

"Oh, don't . . . don't."

"My dear, I must speak while I have voice to speak. You'll marry Hassell; he's good at bottom—and all the good that is in him you will bring out, purify, and strengthen. It's not good for man to be alone—and it is a hundred times worse for a woman. I know what loneliness is. God! . . ." His voice quivered, frayed to a thin edge of sound that scarcely sounded the silence of the room. "I know what loneliness is; all those years since we parted, that has been my meat and drink—loneliness . . . the wine of loneliness the poets talk of, and I want you never to drink that!"

"Oh, Hugo . . . if things had been different."

"If they had been different. Ah!" the man repeated. "Perhaps beyond the border they will be different," he whispered. "In that land where there is no marrying or giving in marriage . . . we may be reunited . . . Lisa . . . beyond the stars."

His voice that had been so low seemed to gather into a strange strength in these last words; he repeated them in a tone that was almost a shout: "Beyond the stars!"

The strange tremor that Cara had noticed passed over his face again; he made a mighty effort and half-raised himself in the bed as though he would clasp the weeping woman in his arms. Then with a sigh he fell back. Dead.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN.
Whom God Hath Joined.

THE bell in the old square tower of the church of St. Catherine the Virgin, Freebody Square, Islington, was ringing out its cracked and discordant summons for the eight o'clock morning service.

The verger, an aged man, bent, and of misanthropical aspect, stood on the steps regarding the empty square with a jaundiced eye. Though he had stood there for over five minutes, and though, moreover, many people had passed the strip of pavement that stretched before his ken, he had seen no one who even looked as though they were going to take advantage of the eight o'clock morning service.

Then, as he looked up the broad, white pavement of the square, bathed in the warm sunshine of the sunny morn-

ing, came a man and a woman who were obviously bent for the church. The verger's interest quickened, then subsided, for he saw that the man was "only a parson" after all. He turned back into the church, where even the faithful two or three had not gathered yet; only one elderly woman, who had apparently arrived for her work of dusting too soon.

On the steps of the church, in the semi-privacy of the porch, where tattered parochial notices fluttered in the breeze, the man and woman paused.

"It's a queer old church, Cara," the man said in a low voice, "but my mother was married here; she ran away to marry the man of her choice, and they chose this old forsaken church, and for her sake I chose it for this marriage of ours, dearest. This true celebration of a sacrament, so infinitely dearer and more sacred to me even in anticipation than that other ceremony with all its pomp."

"Xavier," the woman drew back a little, her face deadly white, her lips trembling, "it almost seems a sacrilege . . . I am not worthy. . . ."

The Dean silenced her by a quick pressure of her hand. "Only to God can you use those words, dearest," he said. "Only to God."

Inside the old church, bleak for all the warmth of the sunshine, the new rector who had received the strange confidence of this man whom he was about to marry stood at the altar rails, a tall, thin man whose face bespoke a strange emotion. If the world knew what he knew—that here in this obscure church in the wilds of Islington, the Very Reverend Xavier Chester, the well-known Dean of Salehurst's historic cathedral, was about to vindicate his convictions regarding the futility of divorce laws by marrying for the second time the woman whom for two years the world had known as his wife.

"I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment . . . if either of you know any impediment. . . ."

The clergyman's voice, low though it was, seemed to echo through the silent church, and the Dean and his wife, moved by a common impulse, looked at each other and smiled in happy confidence.

No secrets, no impediment . . . heart to heart they knew each other now, even as they were known. Fate had removed the impediment that had stood like a lion in their path. They would never know now by what means the man they had known as Paul Farakoff had come by his death, or what were the true threads which had bound together in a great conspiracy those various sinister figures—the German doctor, the woman who had called herself Nellie Haste, and the Italian woman who had loved Farakoff, or the Russian servant called Gregor, who, as Anthony Burnet knew, had so many and great reasons to fear and hate his master, the pseudo prince. Anthony Burnet had pieced together a story, convincing enough, but at the best only conjecture, and as such it concerned Dean Chester and his wife hardly at all. What mattered to them was that, in the terrible holocaust which had consumed the historic manor-house of Lyndhurst, had perished all the elements that had threatened to so signally destroy their peace and happiness.

"Wilt thou have this man . . . ?" The service marched on to its climax; as in a dream Cara heard herself give the necessary answers, heard the Dean's firm response . . . as in a dream she was aware that the clergyman before them had joined their hands . . . heard his clear, young voice repenting the deathless words.

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

Man and wife. Before God and man . . . never to be separated, even in that land where there is no marrying or giving in marriage.

In the vestry after the signing of the register the Dean kissed his wife, and then spoke to the young rector, who had discreetly turned away.

"We're immensely grateful to you, Wood—my wife and I," he said. "And I know that I can rely implicitly on your discretion. . . . Believe me, in our far-off home, very kindly hearts will keep your memory green."

"Our far-off home." The words rang sadly in Cara's heart; the Dean had given her the option of deciding against this enforced exile, but loyally she had decided that, having put his hand to the plough, there could be no turning back. The decision had cost her a sharp struggle with herself. Salehurst, perhaps, would have been unbearable, but there were places nearer than Australia that were yet remote from Salehurst. . . . Australia was terribly far away . . . and Lisa. To leave Lisa with her future still undecided was very hard, but it was a hardship which was part of her punishment, she told herself.

Still, like a woman in a dream, she shook hands with the rector, refusing his invitation to breakfast, and almost before she was aware she found herself in the ancient four-wheeler, which they had ordered to wait for them, rumbling down the hill towards their hotel, her husband's arm about her.

"Till the day break and the shadows flee away," but there are no shadows on our wedding-day, Cara," he murmured.

"None. Only . . . Lisa . . ." Cara Chester whispered back.

"Not even Lisa," he told her gaily. "Lisa has commissioned me with a gift for you, the fact that she has decided to come with us. That was our secret, to be kept from you till to-day. She has given Curtius a year's probation, and in that I think she is wise, for a year soon passes, and in a year's time, God willing, he will join us in Australia, and the marriage will take place."

"Then she knows everything!" Cara's voice almost failed her as she put the question.

"Everything," the Dean answered emphatically: "there are no secrets between them either. But, thank God, she has in her heart that perfect love for Curtius Hassell which casteth out fear . . . the love that understands all and suffers all . . . the only love which deserves to be crowned."

The End.

Quotation: Maid of Athens, ere we part, Give, oh give me back my heart!
Changelet: Best of landlords, when we part, Give, oh give me a fair start!



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A. E. MADDOCK, Esq., 41 September Road, Liverpool, writes, May 13th, 1908:—"I am glad to say that my wife derived great benefit from 'Wincarnis,' which gave her sustaining support after a severe operation. We recommend it."

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THINGS A WOMAN
WANTS TO KNOW.

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY
"ISOBEL"

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

An Economical Sauce

To have with stewed fruit is made by boiling half an ounce of the finely crushed sago in a pint of milk till the grains almost disappear. Sweeten, and flavour to taste, and let it get cold before serving.

Spanish Vegetable Marrow.

Fry a sliced Spanish onion and two tomatoes in one ounce of butter or clarified dripping. Cut a vegetable marrow into cubes, after peeling and removing the seeds. Add the marrow to the onions and tomato, and a little stock, pepper and salt. Let all simmer gently till the marrow is cooked, then serve very hot, garnished with sippets of toast.

Rabbit Hot-Pot.

Take two young rabbits, cut them in pieces, dip each in flour, pepper and salt, as if for a pie. Parboil a Spanish onion and slice it. Have a jar with a cover. Put a layer of rabbit, then some onion, and so on till the jar is nearly full. Pour half a pint of stock over. Put on the cover and cook in the oven for two hours. Turn out and serve with a border of boiled macaroni round the dish.

An Invalid's Pudding.

Have half a teacupful of fine breadcrumbs or sponge cake crumbs, cover with boiling milk, beat finely with a fork, add a beaten egg, and flavour with vanilla. Butter a cup, pour the mixture in, twist some greased paper over, and cook slowly in a pan of boiling water for twenty minutes. The water must only come half way up the cup. Turn out to serve, and put a little warm golden syrup over, or sugar if preferred.

Stuffed Breast of Mutton

Makes an inexpensive dinner. Bone the breast of mutton, and beat with a rolling-pin. Make a stuffing of three tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, one ounce of suet, some chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and a little chopped onion, and two tablespoonfuls of milk. Lay this on the meat, roll and bind with tape, bake in a moderate oven, and serve with a little thick gravy. (Reply to WORKING WOMAN.)

Kidney Toast.

This is a nice way of serving a kidney for one person. Take a cooked kidney or one from a roast loin of mutton, and pound it in a mortar. Add to it the grated rind of half a lemon, a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, a pinch of cayenne pepper and salt to taste. Set this in a basin in a saucepan of boiling water, and stir occasionally till hot, adding a little butter to make it moist. Butter a square of toast, heap this on it, scatter a little parsley over, and serve very hot.

Spanish Soup

Is, as its name implies, made with Spanish chestnuts. Take two quarts of liquor in which any salt meat has been boiled, and set it on the fire in a saucepan. Add to this three pints of chestnuts, peeled and skinned, four onions, and a bouquet of sweet herbs. When the chestnuts are half cooked, add six potatoes. When all are tender, remove from the fire and pass through a sieve. Return to the saucepan, add a tablespoonful of vinegar and a little grated cheese. Bring to the boil and serve.

Currant Scones.

Rub three ounces of lard into one pound of flour; add half an ounce of cream of tartar and two ounces of caster sugar. Dissolve a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in half a pint of milk. Add to the flour, and make a smooth dough, sprinkling in some well washed and dried currants. Roll out to three-quarters of an inch thick, and cut into triangular pieces. Flour a tin, put the scones on it, and bake for about twenty minutes. When half done brush over with milk to give a nice glaze. (Reply to SOUTH COUNTRY GIRL.)

Three Good Apple Recipes.

FRIED APPLES: Cut some large cooking apples into thick slices, without peeling, stamp out the core with a cutter, flour them well, and fry in hot lard till soft and brown. Drain on paper. Serve very hot with caster sugar dusted over. **SPICED APPLES:** Wipe some large apples, and remove the cores and fill with a mixture of sugar and mixed spice. Pour a teacupful of hot water round, and bake till tender. **RUSSIAN APPLES:** Peel and core large cooking apples, and fill the cavity with mince-meat prepared as for mince-pies. Bake in a very slow oven, and serve with sugar sifted over.

SONNY'S FIRST SUIT.

The age at which the small boy should first be breeched is apparently a matter of dispute, but surely all our readers are agreed that, at four, it is quite time petticoats were laid aside. However, by way of making the change less marked, it is customary to provide a tunic to wear in conjunction with the knickers; this is more picturesque than the coat proper and forms a welcome change from the jerseys, plain and fancy, which are now so popular a feature of dress for both boys and girls.



No. 72a. Paper Pattern, 6d., post free, from Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta St., London, W.C.

up the knickers, and to make the fancy collar of white braided cloth detachable. Three yards of forty-four-inch stuff will be quite enough for this pretty suit.



CHILDREN USEFUL IN THE HOME.

In households where the domestic service is insufficient to accomplish all that must be done children can be most useful. Tiny tots can be taught how to use a dust cloth and do thorough work with it.

While it is true that all work and no play make Jack a dull boy, it is quite as true that all play and no work make a bright child dull.

Nor need it be thought that the children will rebel. They love to feel that they are useful, and to know that they are really helpful to "mummy." Of course they should not be kept too long at any one thing.

WHEN LOVER BECOMES HUSBAND

WHAT a difference it makes. Things which are mere failings before marriage become serious faults later. Little contrarinesses, which annoy during the courtship, grow to be unendurable through constant repetition. What were merely "little ways," to be laughed at, materialise into grave offences, and the girl who condones peculiarities to which she objects in her lover, hoping to correct him when he is her husband, will in most cases find herself much mistaken.

There is nothing which people in general, and men in particular, dislike more heartily than to be found fault with and corrected. Censure, where one expects admiration, is altogether unforgivable. Any effort which the too sanguine bride may make to remodel her bridegroom's manners or morals, according to her own ideas, will in all probability be resented with a warmth and alacrity which will be both a surprise and a lesson for all time.

A STITCH IN TIME.

HAVE you ever reflected upon the amount of truth contained in our old proverbs? Take, for instance, that one with which we are all familiar, "A stitch in time saves nine." Apply it to your household work and you will be astonished how much you will save.

For example, after being washed every article should at once be carefully examined, and those in which any holes or rents are detected should be darned or mended there and then.

Again, the corners of sheets and tablecloths very readily become frayed. These should be bound with wide tape, and the articles in question will remain good and tidy, and stand the wear and tear of the wash much better.

It is easy to cite more instances. If fenders and steel or iron articles generally are not cleaned properly they rust, and rust is a destroyer. If a small piece of wall-paper has become unfastened it is not a minute's work to gum it back in its place, whereas, if it is left, it is sure to be torn off, taking with it more of the paper, necessitating the employment of paperhangers.

In these and other little ways you will find that the application of the proverb means a saving of money.

THE PAPER for the HOME.

The "Daily Express" is popular in the home because of the bright, interesting nature of its contents.

Daily Express

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Price One Halfpenny of all newsagents.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

After Baking a Cake

Let it remain in the tin for about five minutes before turning out.

The Scraps on Your Screen

Will come off if the whole surface be not covered once or twice with good varnish. (Reply to NURSERY MAID.)

Choose Herrings

That are red about the gills and eyes. The herring should have all its scales, and should not be bruised. The stiffer the fish, the fresher it is.

Before Taking Nauseous Medicine.

Such as cod-liver oil, or anything with a strong taste, chew a small piece of lemon-peel, and the disagreeable taste will not be noticed.

When Fat Catches Fire

While frying, do not move the pan about, or pour water into it, but rather scatter a little sand, or flour in it. Either of these will quench the flames.

Your Porcelain Sink

Can be easily cleaned with a flannel dipped in paraffin. This will remove all grease stain without any trouble. Afterwards wash with hot soda water to get rid of the smell. (Reply to PUZZLED.)

A Cold Floor

Is a great disadvantage. If you can't afford a thick felt under your carpet the best thing to do is to have several thicknesses of newspaper over the floor. Spread them evenly so that there is no ridge which can wear the carpet.

Jam Jars

Are easily covered, a kind correspondent tells me, in the following simple way: Pour the preserve into jars, and while it is still very hot, cover the jar with tissue paper, moistened on one side with milk. The heat of the jar will contract the paper, and it will dry like parchment. This correspondent tells me her plan has stood the test of years, so is worth a trial. (Thanks to M. COOK.)

Cleaning Gloves

Can be carried out at home at small expense. I always advise its being done in the garden, as the petrol is highly inflammable. Pour a little petrol into a basin, squeeze the gloves in this, and then lay them flat on a clean cloth; rub them towards the fingers with a clean piece of rag till the dirt is removed, then squeeze them again in a little clean petrol, and repeat the process. White gloves should be put through petrol once again. Hang in the air to dry. The petrol may be used several times.

Twice a Day.—The Only Food that Banished Indigestion.

A willingness to try a food that has done others good often proves the first step towards better health. A young woman at Hassocks, Sussex, writes:—

"I have suffered from indigestion ever since I was fifteen, and last January I could not eat a mouthful without being in dreadful pain and vomiting. In consequence I became very weak and nervous, and lost the power to sleep at night. My hand was too unsteady even to write a letter, and when out for a short walk I always felt as if I should faint."

"I tried nearly every advertised food and medicine, and had advice from two good doctors, but got no better. I had even lost the hope of getting better, when my mother persuaded me to try Grape-Nuts Food. From the first meal I found Grape-Nuts helped me. At the end of the first week I was stronger and beginning to get my old colour back. That was five months ago, and I still have Grape-Nuts twice a day. I can now walk five or six miles a day, and do my father's accounts and writing without the least unsteadiness. I can sit down and eat a good meal now with the rest, for which I have only Grape-Nuts to thank."

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In serious digestive or nervous trouble, try Grape-Nuts at every meal, with good, rich milk, hot or cold. This simple meal has been the starting point to better health to thousands of sufferers. See the "Road to Wellville" in each packet. There's a reason for Grape-Nuts.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Quotation: For men may come and men may go, but I go on for ever
Changelet: For men may vote or men may not, yet I vote goes on for ever

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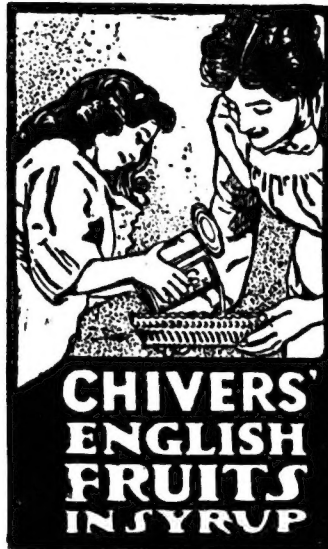
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PROOF POSITIVE.

The following testimonials, giving name, full address, and date, were sent voluntarily before our present Prize Competition was inaugurated.

Mr. J. UNDERWOOD, of 43 Bayham Street, Camden Town, before taking Pink Tablets, wrote:—"I have been a long sufferer from Dyspepsia and cannot find a cure." On the 1st February, 1907, he wrote:—"You will greatly oblige me by forwarding, per return post, another 2/9 box of your splendid Pink Tablets, as they are absolutely invaluable. I improve daily."

"37 Caroline Street, Saltire, February 5th, 1907. Gentlemen,—Will you send me another 2/9 box of Dr. Gardner's Pink Tablets. I have had one box, from which I derived great benefit, for which I am truly thankful. Yours respectfully, THOS. GRAY."

"2 Queen Square Mews, Westminster, S.W.. March 12th, 1907. Dear Sirs,—Having been a martyr to Dyspepsia and indigestion for years off and on, and laid up from November 15th, 1906, to February 6th, 1907, and getting no better, I heard of a gentleman who had been cured by Pink Tablets and was persuaded by him to try them, and on the 16th February I started taking them, and found relief after the first two tablets, and now I am on the second box. My appetite is very much better, and I am getting stronger every day. I can highly recommend Pink Tablets as a first-class medicine, and anyone wishing for further information I shall be very pleased to give it.

"From yours truly, ALFRED DEATH."
Miss FREEMANTLE, 14 Blackberry Terrace, Southampton, wrote on March 4th, 1907:—"Dear Sirs,—Please forward one 2/9 box of Dr. Gardner's Pink Tablets, strongly recommended to me by Miss Reynolds, who derived great benefit from them."

"47 Algernon Road, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne, March 3rd, 1907. Dear Sirs,—Kindly forward one 2/9 box of Pink Tablets for my husband, who has found great benefit from the small box had last week. Please send them as soon as possible as he has none left, and oblige. "W. PRICE."

"113 St. Leonard's Street, Bromley-by-Bow, July 14th, 1907. Sir,—Will you send me another box of Pink Tablets by return, as they are doing me good. Yours truly, C. GOOD."

In future we shall show our appreciation of bona-fide testimonials by paying a fee of

One Guinea

for every genuine testimonial that we use in any form as an advertisement, and a grand prize of

One Hundred Pounds

at Christmas for the best testimonial received before December 1st next.

Each testimonial must be accompanied by a coupon, one of which will be found in every 1/1½ box, and 3 in every 2/9 box. The coupon will be evidence that the testimonial is genuine

GET A BOX TO-DAY!

and not only cure yourself, but also stand a chance of getting

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS AT CHRISTMAS,

OR ONE OF THE GUINEA PRIZES.

The sooner you get a box the better chance you have of getting immediate relief and a permanent cure in time to write a good but perfectly true testimonial.

If your chemist can't supply you, send P.O.O. at once for amount of size box you require to Dr. GARDNER'S REMEDIES CO.,

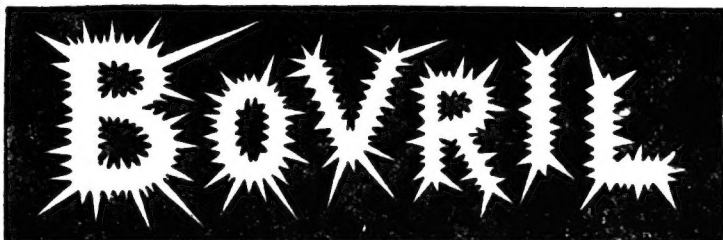
4 FEATHERSTONE BUILDINGS, LONDON, W.C.



Manufacturers' Catalogue Post Free. Sheffield Table Cutlery. Pocket Knives, Razors, Scissors. Silver Plated, Crocks, Tea Services, and Sheffield Silver art work for Presents. This book puts you in the best market for reliable Sheffield manufactures. Ask for catalogue in You Save Enormously. J. G. GRAVES, Ltd., Sheffield.

For Asthma Sufferers

Instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE. In 1/- tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send postcard to POTTER & CLARKE, Artillery Lane, London, E. Mention paper.



picks you up and feeds you.

**Dick Donovan Again.**

As you will see, on page 343, I am commencing a new series of stories of startling crimes as related by the inimitable Dick Donovan. As in the case of a certain well-known commodity, "we heard they wanted more," for letters came in, not by ones and twos but by scores, testifying to the popularity of the former series. The fascination of such stories as these lies in the fact that they are true, and that the scenes described were enacted by men and women who have actually lived, possibly in our own towns.

Worse than a Battlefield.

F. S. propounds the following: "Should M.P.'s smoke while on debate?" a proposal which calls before the mind's eye all sorts of murky pictures. Clouded as our Commons chamber so often is at present by the fumes of its members' burning oratory, what on earth would happen, F. S., if M.P.'s smoked as well? Here would be a brand-new weapon placed in the hands of a determined Prime Minister, who, when he had heard enough of the Opposition arguments, would proceed to light up a huge pipe of shag, whose fumes would swiftly silence the tongues of his opponents. No, F. S., I don't think we can allow them to smoke while on debate.

A Booky Question.

BOOK-LOVER is exercised in his mind about our literary taste, which he thinks has been rapidly deteriorating lately. He says: "Nine men out of ten with whom I converse have no knowledge of Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Lytton, or, indeed, any but present-day authors," and declares himself alarmed at such a state of things, because, "our status as a nation depends largely on our intellectual supremacy." I am afraid, BOOK-LOVER, that you are a little unfortunate in your friends. At any rate, the literary returns, which appear from time to time in the Press, show that the best authors of the past still hold their own in the affection of readers of to-day. While, if another sign of the times were needed, it is to be found in the large and increasing number of intelligent persons who take in *P.W.*, amongst whom I am delighted to observe a man of sound literary taste like yourself, BOOK-LOVER.

To Learn Talking.

QUIET is in a most despondent mood. He writes: "I want to become a talker—I don't mean a public platform speaker, but just to be able to pass myself in company without always getting told how quiet I am. I am thirty years of age, single, and don't mix myself much with the girls, as they usually want a bright chap who can talk." Don't be too sure, QUIET, that people think less of you for not talking. You know they say silence is golden, and you may also have heard of the lady who told her husband, before going into society, that so long as he wore a black coat and said nothing he was sure to be popular. On the other hand, I admit that "the girls" like a bright chap, and if you really wish to become a talker you should read plenty of bright literature, and, when in ladies' society, try to forget yourself. You will then remember some of the things you have read, and if they come out of *Pearson's Weekly* you will quickly become popular with the ladies.

Grip-Fiend Contest Result.

MANY a reader of *P.W.* must be smarting from the attentions of the grip-fiend, if one may judge by the large number of replies received on this subject. The punishments and "cures" suggested cover almost every form of torture that the wit of man—or woman—could devise, from the simple expedient of treading upon the offender's foot "with an even pressure," as one fair competitor suggests, up to the complicated process of dropping him from a balloon and letting him cling to a telegraph wire on his way to earth, until he relaxes his grip for ever. One ingenious gentleman, who is evidently a lover of animals, writes as follows: "Blindfold the brute, and take him to the Zoo, where he will be in his natural surroundings. Lead him round the cages and introduce him to his fellows, making him shake hands with each. If some of the animals prefer to shake hands with their teeth, so much the worse for the brute. When his right hand is tired (?) allow him, as a favour, to use his left. Then uncover his eyes and send him home, arranging for all his old victims to meet him on the way, to sympathise with him." Someone else, this time from the Emerald Isle, says: "After he has gripped your right hand com-

pare it with your left. Then offer him your left hand and ask him to do likewise, at the same time saying that you were on your way to buy a pair of gloves, and they don't generally sell odd sizes." The great advantage of this cure is that it can be delivered with a crushing politeness which will overwhelm any fiend who is not dense beyond donkeydom. Pen-knives have been sent to the following twenty-five competitors:

H. Percy, 7 Cringle Road, Levenshulme; F. W. Thornton, Ringaskiddy, Co. Cork, Ireland; H. Alderson, Granville, Hilda Vale Road, Farnborough; Miss L. Robinson, Brook Lane, Thornton le Dale, near Pickering, Yorks; A. E. Halliday, 13 Conway Avenue, Harehills Road, Leeds; G. H. Stevens, 16 Fazakerley Road, Walton, Liverpool; F. W. Andrews, Afonwen, Flintshire; J. O. Fraser, Crawford, Lanarkshire, N.B.; E. Poynter, 65, Hill Avenue, Worcester; A. Watson, Royal London Yacht Club, Cowes; A. E. Wright, 112 Grandison Road, Battersea; A. Harvey, 10 Kew Street, Troon, Camborne; B. M. Buchanan, 1 Duke Street, King Square, Bristol; W. O. Hershman, Banff, N.B.; H. Cox, 43 Somerville Road, New Cross, S.E.; C. W. House, Merton Villa, Princes Square, Exeter; J. W. Smith, 156 Tudor Road, Leicester; C. Benbitt, King Edward Mine, Camborne, Cornwall; R. Wilson, 27 Christchurch Street, Ipswich; J. Jones, "Grasmere," Mill Road, Pontnewynydd, Pontypool; F. Blanks, 62 Murray Street, New North Road, N.; A. Barr, 8 Calenick Street, Truro; F. Hamblin, Garden Cottage, Sturminster Marshall, Wimborne, Dorset; R. W. Tarkson, 75 Constantine Road, Hampstead; L. C. White, 51 Regent Street, Plymouth.

The Hole in the Wall.

"CAN you explain to me," asks P. M. W., "why the windows of railway booking offices are such poky little places? When getting a ticket, one has to talk as if one was at a telephone, besides having almost to go on one's knees to get level with the window. At excursion times, especially, much time and many trains are lost through these antediluvian booking offices." As a fellow-sufferer P. M. W., I can sympathise with your complaint. There are few things more annoying than to stand in a long queue, with about half a minute in which to catch one's train, while an elderly colonel in front declares indignantly through the hole that it was Plymouth and not Westbourne Park he asked for, and that he doesn't want any of the booking clerk's back answers. I suppose the reason that these little windows are made so small is to stop anyone climbing through and assassinating the gentleman inside. People get so extremely peevish when they are buying tickets that some such precaution seems highly necessary. I have often thought that a booking clerk's life, like that of a policeman, cannot be altogether a bed of roses. When one thinks of the number of absent-minded people who ask him for a ticket to the station in which they are already standing, and the terrific amount of questions with which he is plying by elderly ladies, I think he is to be highly congratulated upon the civility that he generally displays. I am also consumed with admiration for the lightning manner in which he counts change.

Cheek Advertisements.

"THE world abounds in eccentric people," begins L. M., and no one who has walked about this interesting planet for as many years as I have would venture to contradict his assertion. "Recognising this fact," he continues, "I should like to ask you what you consider would be the best medium for bringing the inclosed advertisement before the notice of the right people. Also, do you think there is a chance of its catching on?" Here is the inclosed advertisement: DON'T DIE INTIMATE. Any person with means, but without relations, would much surprise, but greatly oblige advertiser by allowing him to nominate their heir. Reply Audacity. My candid opinion, L. M., is that from the point of view of your own character, the best medium in which you could put this advertisement would be the waste-paper basket. I should then advise you to devote your ingenuity to some interesting and honest form of hard work. If you really intend to insert it in the press on the chance of its catching the eye of some semi-lunatic, the best paper to send it to would, of course, be the Daily-H'm! (I nearly forgot that we keep politics out of this page). Let me give you the experience of a young man I once knew, who also had a brilliant idea for a cheek advertisement. He published in a leading morning paper an application for a well-paid and responsible post, and described himself as possessing "one of the five best organising brains in England." At the end of a week he had received one reply. This was a tract on the sin of being conceited.

Green Food or Ju-Jitsu.

L. L. belongs to a debating society which has recently been discussing why the Japanese are superior in agility and self-defence to Europeans. The gentleman who opened the debate put forward the theory that this enviable nimbleness was entirely due to the fact that Admiral Togo's fellow-countrymen ate very little meat, contenting themselves with vegetables, grain, and other exciting dishes of the same nature. This brought up L. L., who in polite and parliamentary language characterised the idea as bunkum. He asserted that the readiness and

activity of the Japanese was due to their splendid system of physical training, known as Ju-jitsu. It was science and not food, he maintained, that made men accomplished fighters, and, if we wanted to hold our own against the subjects of the Mikado, we should have to go in for more physical training ourselves. Notwithstanding L. L.'s impassioned eloquence, the question on being put to the vote was decided in favour of the green food champion. L. L. now writes to complain of this decision. He doubts the impartiality of the chairman, and appeals to me to "settle the matter, once and for all."

But for the fact that the Japanese might object to having their affairs fixed up in this abrupt manner at Henrietta Street, I should be delighted to oblige you, L. L. As it is, I will content myself with merely offering an unprejudiced opinion. I should certainly be inclined to attribute the activity of the Japs far more to their physical training than to the fact that most of them are unable to afford meat. I frequently make use of a vegetarian restaurant near the office, and have never noticed any very striking symptoms of agility amongst its patrons. The only time that I ever saw one of them attempt to get out without paying, he was badly collared by the commissionaire. Don't let the fact that you were voted down depress you or annoy you. Like Disraeli, you should merely feel "an infinite pity" for the people who differ from you.

Born or Made?

M. F. and a friend are on the point of shattering a life-long affection over the question of poets. Here is her description of how the tragic situation arose. "My friend was talking to me the other day," she writes, "when she happened to state that in her opinion poets were not born poets, but became so by dint of hard study and perseverance. I maintained that nobody can be a poet without having poetical genius in him. I quoted Milton, who is said to have written poems when only a boy. My friend sticks to her statement, however, and, as we are on the verge of a quarrel, we decided to appeal to you." You place a heavy responsibility upon me, M. F., but I will try and assume the garment of peacemaker. It is always as well to remember that in an argument one side is seldom altogether right and the other altogether wrong. In the present case you are quite correct in your statement that a man must have the natural genius in order to become a poet. There are thousands of men who might study until they are black in the face and white in the hair, without being able to put together four lines of tolerable verse. On the other hand even the greatest poets mature and improve their powers by study. Shelley's first verses, written as a youth, were feeble in the extreme. There are a few exceptions, such as Shakespeare, Chatterton, and Swinburne, who seem to have been thorough masters of their art from the very outset, but in the majority of cases a poet's best work has been written at that happy period when he combines the benefits of knowledge, study, and practice, with an inspiration that has not yet begun to fail.

Touch Not the Cat.

"My chum and I have had a dispute," writes FELINE, "which arose out of the incident in which the pet cat of the 2nd Scots Guards' drummers was killed by the colonel of another regiment. My chum says that a cat is a poor sort of animal for soldiers to pet, while I have said that a cat makes as good a pet as any other animal, and that, in fact, one of our regiments has a cat as its crest. My chum seemed rather surprised at this, and, as I could not get my statement verified in our little village, we decided that I should ask you whether I am right or wrong." You are quite right, FELINE. A cat figures in the crest of one of our most distinguished Scottish regiments, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, whose most brilliant feat of arms performed in the Crimea is that rendered immortal by the phrase the "Thin Red Line." The presence of the cat in the regimental badge is due to the fact that the 2nd Battalion was originally recruited from members of the Sutherland Clan, whose crest was a cat, and whose chief, in fact, was nicknamed for generations the Great Cat. Highlanders would appear to have a strong partiality for the cat as an emblem. It figures also, I am told, in the armorial device of the Clan Chattan, one of the oldest and most influential of the Scottish clans, the rival heads of which are Cluny MacPherson and The MacIntosh. The clan motto, again, is the rather quaint one, "Touch not the Cat but the Glove," the word "but" in this instance, meaning without. A momentary reflection will show you that the idea conveyed by this advice is quite similar to that contained in the national motto for Scotland, "Nemo me impune lacessit," the best translation of which is, my Scottish friends assure me, "Naebody daur meddle wi' me!"

Printed by HORACE COX, Broom's Buildings, E.C., and Published by G. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, 25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

TO LADIES ONLY.

A Few Words About Our Beauty Contest.

AN Eastern philosopher was once asked to decide who was the most beautiful woman in his town. He once replied: "She who has the most admirers is the most beautiful."

And it is left to the readers of *Pearson's Weekly* to decide who is the most beautiful woman in the United Kingdom, and the handsome sum of £250 hangs upon their decision. This amount will be won by the lady who has the largest number of admirers and polls the greatest number of votes.

Since the publication of the names of the leading candidates the contest has shot ahead by leaps and bounds. The ladies whose names are given in the list below must be highly gratified that their beauty has gathered around them so many friends and admirers.

We hope you will not allow the opportunity of winning the first prize to pass you by. It will be won by someone, and it may as well be you as another. Those of you who have not yet made up your minds to enter the contest had better do so at once. Delays are dangerous, and if you put off your entry any longer you may be too late.

There are several changes to record this week in the positions of the leaders. Some have made onward their watchword and have advanced considerably up the list, whilst others have for the moment slipped back.

This means that some candidates have put more heart into the business of getting votes than others. They have recognised that paying subscriptions in advance is a tremendous help to them. They have not only been energetic themselves, but have called to their aid the services of admirers far and near.

Always remember that your chances of winning the prizes will be greatly enhanced if you take advantage, open to you, of paying subscriptions in advance. A year's subscription, 4s. 4d., will not cost you any more than if you purchase fifty-two weekly copies of *Pearson's Weekly*. But while the former plan would

add 300 extra votes to your credit, the latter would only bring you fifty-two.

The following is a list of candidates upon whose behalf we have received the largest number of votes. The fact that several names have been added to the list proves the keen desire that exists amongst competitors to have a place in the Roll of Honour. The names are printed in the order of merit, No. 1 being first favourite, No. 2 second, and so on:

- No. 1.—Miss MADGE SYKES
- " 2.—Miss FLOESSIE PERRY
- " 3.—Miss LILIAN GOULDEN
- " 4.—Mrs. DOROTHY VAUGHAN-RODERICK
- " 5.—Mrs. F. C. ATHERTON
- " 6.—Miss DAISIE BARTON
- " 7.—Miss ALICE MAUD BOLTON
- " 8.—Miss OLIVE PURCELL
- " 9.—Miss WINIFRED BAKER
- " 10.—Mrs. A. STEWART
- " 11.—Miss ZENA DARE
- " 12.—Miss GERTIE MURRAY
- " 13.—Miss GERTIE MILLAR
- " 14.—Miss EVELYN DESA
- " 15.—Miss SYBIL MAY BLIGHT
- " 16.—Miss LILY ELSIE
- " 17.—Miss ELLALINE TERRISS
- " 18.—Miss DOLLY McALLA
- " 19.—Miss BELLE SCOBLE
- " 20.—Miss MURIEL WILSON
- " 21.—Miss MARIE GEORGE
- " 22.—Miss MARIE STEELE
- " 23.—Miss ANNIE BRADDAN
- " 24.—Miss EVELYN MILLARD
- " 25.—COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD
- " 26.—Miss NELL EMERALD
- " 27.—Miss MARIE STUDDOLME
- " 28.—Miss RUBY E. S. MITCHELL
- " 29.—Miss BLOWEN PALETHORPE
- " 30.—Miss MADGE TEMPLE
- " 31.—Miss MILLIE HYLTON
- " 32.—Miss DENISE ORME
- " 33.—Miss MARIE EMPRESS
- " 34.—Miss LAURA ROBERTS
- " 35.—Miss ISABEL JAY
- " 36.—Miss SPENCER-BRUNTON

£250 FOR WINNER.

TEN PRIZES OF £10 EACH.

HOW YOU HAVE TO JUDGE.

For the purpose of the contest we have divided the country into the following ten divisions:

- DIVISION 1.—Scotland.
- DIVISION 2.—Ireland.
- DIVISION 3.—Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmorland, Durham, Isle of Man, and Channel Islands.
- DIVISION 4.—Yorkshire.
- DIVISION 5.—Lancashire.
- DIVISION 6.—Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, and Leicestershire.
- DIVISION 7.—Wales (which comprises Anglesey, Brecon, Cardigan, Carmarthen,

- Carmarvon, Denbigh, Flint, Glamorgan, Merioneth, Montgomery, Pembroke, and Radnor), Shropshire, Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, Wrexham, Gloucestershire, Gloucestershire, Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, Berkshire, Hampshire, Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Isle of Wight, and Seilly Isles.
- DIVISION 8.—Cornwall, Devonshire, Somersetshire, Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, Berkshire, Hampshire, Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Isle of Wight, and Seilly Isles.
- DIVISION 9.—Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Rutland, Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, and Hertfordshire.
- DIVISION 10.—County of London and Middlesex.

Perhaps you have a sister, cousin, or friend whom you think to be beautiful; possibly you are an ardent admirer of some well-known beauty, and consider her worthy of your vote as being the most beautiful woman in the British Isles—in that case you fill in (in ink) the subjoined coupon, giving the name of your choice, her address, and Division, cut it out, and forward it in an envelope addressed to Beauty Dept., PEARSON'S WEEKLY, 17 Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C. Each coupon thus received will count as one vote, and be duly credited to the lady named in the special Register which has been opened for that purpose.

But if you, or any friend of yours, will send us 1s. 1d. (a three months' subscription to PEARSON'S WEEKLY), we will credit you or your nominee with 50 extra votes.

For 2s. 2d. (six months' subscription), 100 extra votes.

For 4s. 4d. (a year's subscription), 300 extra votes.

IMPORTANT.—These extra votes will only be given to those readers who send us one of the above subscriptions, and the name and address of a responsible newsagent who will deliver to him or keep for him every week a copy of PEARSON'S WEEKLY. Or you can pay the money to your newsagent, instructing him to send us the receipt, when we will credit you with the equivalent number of votes. Or you can send us the receipt yourself. Only receipts on newsagents' printed bill-heads will be recognised.

FREE INSURANCE FOR £2,000.

Each reader who sends before November 1st one year's subscription to PEARSON'S WEEKLY is presented free of cost with a Railway Insurance Policy for £2,000.

To the lady who, on the conclusion of the competition, has had the largest number of votes polled in her favour will be awarded the First Prize of Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds.

And to the lady who has been credited with the largest number of votes in each Division will be awarded a prize of Ten Pounds, making a Total Prize List of Three Hundred and Fifty Pounds.

In the Division of the winner of the First Prize, the £10 prize will go to the second lady in the list.

READ THESE CONDITIONS CAREFULLY.

There is, of course, no restriction to the number of the coupons you may send in, but when forwarding a batch they should be pinned together, and the number inclosed stated on the left hand top corner of the envelope.

Do not keep your coupons until the conclusion of the contest. They are only available up to certain dates, which are clearly marked on each coupon. Send them in as often as you like, and spare no effort to keep your own name or that of your nominee high up in the lists which will be published in PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

As the competition proceeds we hope at intervals to publish photographs of those leading in the various divisions, in order to give as many people as possible the opportunity of seeing these photographs, and deciding for whom they will vote. Therefore, a photograph may be called for (for the purposes of reproduction) of every lady for whom votes are recorded. There will be kept at the offices of P. W. albums containing these photographs for the purposes of inspection and comparison. The Editor will not bind himself to return photographs sent in, nor accept any responsibility for their safe keeping.

START VOTING TO-DAY.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" BRITISH BEAUTY CONTEST.—Voting Coupon No. 7.

I wish to place a vote to the credit of

Name.....

Address.....

Division.....

You will find a coupon every week in "Pearson's Weekly." All coupons must be sent to Beauty Dept., "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta St., Strand, London, W.C. This coupon No. 7 must be at "Pearson's Weekly" Offices not later than November 20th.

Please Write Clearly and in Ink.

COMING HOLIDAYS, 1908-9.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.	1909. JANUARY.	FEBRUARY.	Lighting Up Time for this Week.
Christmas Day . December 25.	M 4 11 18 25	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 6 13 20 27	M 3 10 17 24 31	M 7 14 21 28	Oct. 23 ... 5.50
Boxing Day . December 26.	M 5 12 19 26	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	M 8 15 22	" 24 ... 5.48
Good Friday . . . April 9th.	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24	T 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 9 16 23	" 25 ... 5.46
Easter Monday . April 12th.	W 7 14 21 28	W 4 11 18 25	W 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	W 10 17 24	" 26 ... 5.44
Whitsun Monday . May 31st.	T 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 11 18 25	" 27 ... 5.42
Bank Holiday . August 2nd.	F 9 16 23 30	F 6 13 20 27	F 11 18 25	F 8 15 22 29	F 12 19 26	" 28 ... 5.40
	S 10 17 24 31	S 7 14 21 28	S 12 19 26	S 9 16 23 30	S 13 20 27	" 29 ... 5.38

MUSIC!

A Liberal Offer Made for a Limited Time Only.

Three Songs for 7½d.

In order to further popularise the series of PEARSON'S SIXPENNY MUSIC, we are prepared to forward any THREE of the songs or pianoforte pieces mentioned below post free for 7½d. Only one set of three songs will be sent to the same person, and each application must be accompanied by this announcement cut out from the paper.

Title	SONGS.	Composer
ECHOES	...	Robert Eden.
VENETIA	...	L. Denza.
MOPSA	...	Chas. Villiers Stanford.
A WHISPER OF LOVE...	...	Milton Wellings.
YOU AND I	...	P. Bucalossi.
TRY TO FORGET	...	G. W. B. Jag.
THERE IS A COSY CORNER IN MY HEART FOR YOU	...	J. W. Tate.
DORA? LAURA?	...	Denham Harrison.
NELSON'S NAME	...	J. W. Tate.
MY NANCY	...	Ernest Sifton.
FIRELIGHT FACES	...	Gerald Lane.
BUTTERCUPS & DAISIES	...	Cecil Liddell.
A SOLDIER IN THE ROYAL ARMY	...	William Brightwell.
PIANOFORTE PIECES.	...	...
VALSE MATINALE	...	Alfred Margis.
KING'S GUARD MARCH	...	Robert Eden.

As this unique and generous offer is open for a limited time only, and will be largely taken advantage of by musical readers, you should send at once in order to avoid disappointment. All applications must be made to

MUSIC DEPARTMENT,

17-18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

This Insurance Scheme covers any person travelling as a passenger in any part of Great Britain or Ireland.

NEARLY £13,000 ALREADY PAID.

We pay any number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

£2,000 RAILWAY
£100 RAILWAY
£100 CYCLING } **INSURANCE.**

499 Claims already paid, including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims of £2,000 each—not for one only. £2,000 specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was travelling as a passenger (including post-office servants in railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

In the event of a person having the current number of **£100** *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, provided the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract. This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have only paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature.....
Available from 9 a.m., Thursday, October 22nd, 1908, until midnight, Friday, October 30th, 1908.



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